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Rewards and Fairy Stories

BY ARTHUR TRAIN

THE writer's social position, whatever his economic status may be, has vastly improved since the days when even the most gifted had perforce to go through life with their hats in their hands, dedicating their books to noble patrons in the hope of largesse, and rating considerably below even the curate who was expected to leave the table before dessert. The author is no longer a parasite or beggar, although he remained shabby, if genteel, until Cyrus H. K. Curtis's discovery in the early 80's that literary matter printed alongside advertisements tended to induce a reading of the latter—or at least the turning of the pages. Mr. Curtis did not of course really make this discovery himself, but he was, I believe, the first to adopt it for legitimate magazine purposes. It was in fact the genius of some now forgotten advertiser that gave birth to the idea.

Arthur Train (with a drawing of his best known character, Mr. Tutt): "I have had book sales of 75,000—and of 70."

While it may be true that "art flourishes when civilization decays," the craft of writing and its army of votaries expand in direct ratio to the country's industrial prosperity. The magazine is dependent upon the advertiser. In most cases it exists by virtue of his support alone. If his succor fails the writer perishes. Thus the extraordinary development of writing in America is due directly to a material cause. It expands and contracts with the activity of the factory chimney. For example, one magazine of large circulation increased to 250 pages during the boom of 1928-29 and sank in the depression period to but seventy.

The first American magazines paid nothing for their contributions. To have one's piece printed at all was reward enough. "No pay," was the slogan of the old *North American Magazine*. Only "gentlemen" wrote, and in those early days a gentleman was still a man of leisure, or one who had enough leisure to cultivate his mind and think serious thoughts.

Shortly after the middle of the last century, however, it became respectable to accept remuneration for one's brain effusions, and by 1875 an author might even get as much as $100 for something regarded as exceptionally worth while.

One of the reasons why the literary laborer was not regarded as worthy of any hire to speak of, was that prior to the year 1891 we had no International Copyright Act. There was nothing whatever to prevent an American publisher from printing and selling any English book, or stealing the contents of any English magazine he chose. And he did choose. Some of the even better-known monthlies indulged in this type of literary piracy. If English fiction could be got for nothing, why pay for American fiction? And they did not. The only way an English publisher could personally market his product in this country was to beat the American pirate to it.

The effect of the passage of an International Copyright Act "in encouraging the production of American rather than of foreign books has," as Mark Sullivan points out, "been little less than marvelous." This was equally true of short fiction, for the legislation protecting our native authors more or less coincided with the discovery of the advisability of juxtaposing the latter with advertising matter.

By 1900 a considerable army of fiction writers had developed, who even then received as much as $250 or even $300 for a story, and in exceptional cases like that of Richard Harding Davis, $500. The advent of the big circulation magazines made it possible and profitable for the publisher to reward and stimulate authors in a way theretofore undreamed of.

Between 1905 and 1915 circulations increased from 500,000 to 1,400,000. From 1915 to 1937 circulations reached, first, the 2,000,000, then the 2,500,000 mark, and finally 3,000,000, until there were at least ten weeklies or monthlies claiming to have a circulation of over 2,500,000—and probably having it. Each of these was undoubtedly perused by 10,000,000 and perhaps by 15,000,000 people, who read the stories and, partly in consequence, bought new lotions, breakfast foods, storage batteries, ice-boxes, chewing gums, tooth brushes, spark plugs, and life insurance, the economic aspect of which has nothing to do with my subject.

It has been claimed that, since circulation was based on newsstand sales rather than on subscriptions, "the new highly paid school of fiction did not add to literature." I incline to disagree with this in spite of the thousands of tons of Pollyanna wishwash, strip-tease romance, underworld melodrama, smart-alec success stories, and false evaluations of certain aspects of American life that have been sold to the public between magazine covers. The percentage of sound stuff has been surprisingly large and is increasing year by year as the intelligence and taste of the nation improves. The magazines print the best which, in

Next Week

THE WINDSOR TAPESTRY
By COMPTON MacKENZIE
Reviewed by George Dangerfield

THE KENTS
By LEGRAND CANNON, JR.
Reviewed by W. L. White

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competition with one another, they can get; only there is not enough of it to go around. Even the pulps carry much excellent fiction.

The value of a reputable magazine, having a circulation of from 2,500,000 to 3,000,000, as a vehicle of expression for any writer is self-evident. There is hardly an English or American writer of note who has not appeared in the so-called "slicks." If the appearances have been infrequent it is probably his own fault. *The Saturday Evening Post* can have any author it wants. In his prime Rudyard Kipling wrote consistently for *The Ladies' Home Journal*, but during the latter portion of his life he tried again and again to get his stuff accepted by it and by *The Post* without success. The late John Jay Chapman, one of America's most brilliant literary figures, invited me about fifteen years ago to lunch with him at the Century Club in New York. His essays upon the Greek poets and similar erudite subjects had made him famous.

Marion

John Jay Chapman

"I'd give anything to write for *The Saturday Evening Post*," he said. "Tell me what I should do."

"Your reputation as a writer is established," I answered. "It's merely a matter of selecting some topic of general interest."

"That's what troubles me," he replied. "What interests me doesn't always seem to interest other people."

"Why not be interested in what does? You can of course see how unlikely it is that three million miscellaneous Americans would get excited over Aristophanes or Æschylus."

"You're quite right," he nodded. "I must select a topic of popular interest. If I write something, will you read it and give me your frank opinion of its acceptability?"

"With pleasure," I said, highly complimented.

About a month later he sent me his idea of a "popular" article—something to do with social service work in the slums. It was jejune, solemn, didactic, in the manner of one of the minor prophets. From the letter which accompanied it I could see that he felt sure it would ring the bell and that it would be only a matter of a few weeks before he would see his name, possibly in colors, on the cover of *The Post*.

Chapman's intellectual stature was so exalted that his thoughts and method of expression were on a different plane from those of more ordinary men. He walked with the gods and the gods never smile. If they laugh at all they roar—mortals like to chuckle. Frankly, in my opinion, Jack Chapman, gifted as he was, was not enough of an artist to write for *The Saturday Evening Post*, that is to say, consciously to alter his personality to suit its readers.

The tendency of all magazines, including those of 2,500,000 and over, is at present to cut down stories and serial installments to 4,500-5,000 words where it can be safely done. Gone are the days when I could send a 40-page "short" story of 10,000 words to *The Saturday Evening Post* or have it (as once I did) print an installment of a serial running to 19,000. This should be qualified of course by excepting the magazines that run "full length" serials in but four parts, instead of the usual six, or the possible nine or twelve. Lamentable as the necessity may be of limiting a writer to a certain "maximum" number of words, it is no greater than the infliction upon the playwright of a time limit, of which we never hear.

From 1900 to 1930 was a Golden Age for writers in America. A successful magazine could have afforded to pay an author, whom it really wanted, anything he asked, since its advertising returns were so enormous. Some magazines, as in the case of *Munsey's*, proved veritable Golcondas. The result was a competition for well-known writers that sent prices skyrocketing. Quotations for magazine serials rose in the case of "top-notch" authors, from $500 or $1,000 in the early 90's, to as high as $50,000 or even $75,000 in the 1930's; and for short stories from $10 to $6,000, according to Paul Reynolds, the maximum price on record. One well-known woman author was able to sign a contract for the delivery during a period of three years of three serials and fifteen short stories for a lump sum of $300,000.

The demand generated by five hundred magazines alone which, under their sales contracts, must be exhibited upon the public newsstands, to say nothing of countless others, including ten weeklies and monthlies of an established circulation of over 2,500,000, outstripped the proportionate development in writers of ability. Hence the sustained high prices paid to a comparative few; while the prices paid to the rest, excellent writers as they may have been, remained about the same.

It would be invidious for me to attempt to appraise the literary value of the work of my contemporaries. I merely call attention as matter of interest to what the mass circulation magazine has done in many cases for the redistribution of wealth. All our best-known authors would have written, and all would have had a large public for their books, had there been no magazines at all, and the quality of their work would in all probability have been precisely the same—only they themselves would probably not have reached the millionaire (or multi-millionaire) class.

It is, or until recently has been, within the bounds of possibility for a "top-notch" writer to earn half a million dollars in one year, and if she or he be also a dramatist to make from half a million to possibly a million.

Take for example the case of "Show Boat," the probable earnings from which were not far from the following:

(a) For the serial rights in *The Woman's Home Companion*	$ 45,000
(b) For the movie rights	65,000
(c) Author's share of the talkie rights	20,000
(d) Royalties on the book, all editions	125,000
(e) Royalties on the musical revue	75,000
(f) For use of the name as title for a radio hour	15,000
Total,	$345,000

It will be noted that this colossal sum derives from a single literary unit of production, and that it is exclusive of all other plays, books, and stories already written by the author or appearing contemporaneously. Had "Show Boat" gone directly to the stage instead of the films, the screen rights, thus enhanced in value by prior dramatic production, might easily have added another $100,000 to this total.

As against these figures, let us take the comparatively modest earnings of an average genuine best seller, first serialized, and then sold to the movies:

	About
(a) Serial rights (in a magazine of 2,500,000 circulation)	$30,000
(b) Movie rights	35,000
(c) Book royalties (15% on 20,000 copies at $2.50)	7,500
Total,	$72,500

Under favorable circumstances this may be expanded to

(a) Serial rights	$ 50,000
(b) Movie rights	50,000
(c) Book royalties (if chosen by a "book club")	25,000
Total,	$125,000

This does not include stage rights or, what may presently become most valuable of all, radio and television rights. Thus the spread between reasonable expectation and optimistic possibility is roughly between $70,000 and $125,000 for

(*Continued on page* 16)

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The Spirit of Loyalist Spain

MAN'S HOPE. By André Malraux. Translated by Stuart Gilbert and Alastair Macdonald. New York: Random House. 1938. $2.50.

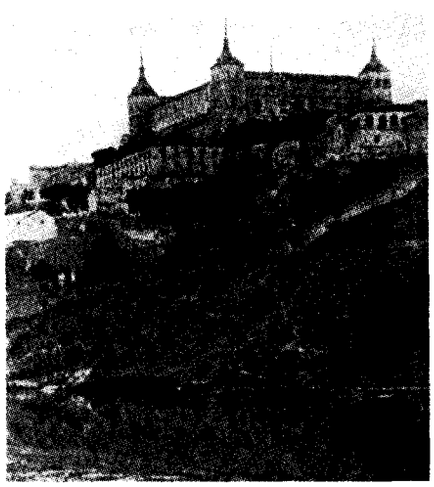
Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

ANDRÉ MALRAUX has lived his best books before writing them. "Man's Fate" was lived in revolutionary China between 1925 and 1927; "Man's Hope" was lived in revolutionary and counter-revolutionary Spain during the first eight months of the war that some call civil, that others call a war against foreign invasion. But these novels have little in common with those other lived books that are autobiographies, or diaries, or reminiscences, or mere jobs of reporting by writers who have hunted adventure for the sake of having something to report. With Malraux the translations from life into literature have been marked by an expansion and projection of the author's self, by an imaginative, purposeful comprehension of a whole body of experience that he had known personally only in part. His activities in Canton did not set the limits to "Man's Fate," and "Man's Hope" is not bounded by his experiences as a flyer for Republican Spain. Malraux, revolutionist and propagandist, has not ceased to be a creative literary artist.

"Man's Hope" creates, or re-creates, nothing less than the anatomy and physiology and mentality of revolutionary Spain; and this mind and body end by revealing what, for want of better or less suspect words, we must still call their animating soul or spirit. If any readers are puzzled as to why Republican Spain, Loyalist Spain, the Spain of the *de facto* and *de jure* government, should be called revolutionary Spain, a little time spent with M. Malraux will set them straight. The Spanish government represents and *is* the Revolution. Its defenders, actuated by revolutionary ideals, think in revolutionary patterns, express themselves in revolutionary terms, and move along revolutionary lines. They see their fascist enemies not as mere rebels against an established government, but as counter-revolutionists. The reader who does not understand these facts understands nothing of the matter at hand.

Revolutionary Spain, then, as M. Malraux shows it to us, is composed of heterogeneous and normally irreconcilable elements that have been temporarily united in the face of a common enemy and a common danger. At one extreme are the anarchists, the old independents, and the members of the F. A. I.; at the other extreme are the members of the Communist Party, whose true capital is Moscow. And in between there are leftists of all degrees and shades.

This union has produced, or found, a soul. But what of this soul's mortality, if the union proves as temporary as the threat that has brought it into being? For those who cannot share M. Malraux's faith, there can be only one answer. It needs no cynicism, but only realism, to read the answer in his own record. Victory, for a United Front composed of elements normally hostile to one another, can result only in a resumption of the old hostilities, and in the destruction of the weaker by the stronger forces. The Communist Party, as M. Malraux repeatedly demonstrates, has made itself the directing brain and iron heart of revolutionary Spain. Even in the midst of war it has functioned as an *imperium in imperio*. After victory, it could only be true to itself and to its announced historical mission. What price solidarity then? New battle lines would be drawn, and the blood of peasants and dialecticians would flow in a new and less noble cause. Meantime, with victory not in sight, the United Front in Spain has given us one of the most magnificent manifestations of the unconquerable human spirit that is yet known to history. And André Malraux is, as yet, its greatest historian and most effective interpreter.



"We see fascist field guns charged by loyalists . . . and assist at the several stages of the siege of the Alcazar." . . . (The Alcazar, from "The Siege of the Alcazar" by McNeill-Moss: Knopf.)

His history is that of an artist who is master of facts, his interpretation that of a believer who is conversant with all the nuances of faith and with all heresies. His method is impressionistic, the method that might be used by an ideal film director, who boldly employed cuts, dissolves, and fades, with a total effect in view. His narrative moves swiftly from front to front, from one group of characters to another, but every move and every character adds substantially to the picture that is being created in the reader's mind, of the people of Spain engaged in revolutionary war.

We are introduced to the war on that July night in 1936, when the Railroad Workers' Union at Madrid rang up one station after another along the Northern Railroad to learn, from profane and abusive relays up and down the line, that the fascist revolt was in full swing and was claiming new towns and territories hourly. We take leave of it, some eight months later, with the defeat of the Italians and Moors at Brihuega. Malraux makes us witness those eight months of civil war in all its phases. We watch the revolvers being doled out to the anarchists of Barcelona, and listen to that newest weapon of organized frightfulness, the radio loud-speaker. We see fascist field guns charged by loyalists in light touring-cars, follow the deadly maneuvers of the *dinamiteros*, "the last body of men who can face the machine on equal terms," and assist at the several stages of the siege of the Alcazar. We are present at the routs of Toledo and Malaga, and are taken to Madrid during bombing and bombardment. We fly with the International Air Force (no one has ever described all the sensations of war flying better than Malraux), cheer the appearance of the first Russian pursuit planes over Madrid, and cheer again when the old Spanish crates come sweeping in formation over the battle lines of Guadalajara. We wait with men who are waiting to be shot, three by three, by a fascist firing squad. Our eyes are riveted upon death in its grisliest and most grotesque forms; we remember the blood of a butcher slaughtered on his own counter, the lifeless body astride the battering ram, the man who wriggled like a cockchafer, and the other man whose mouth kept opening and shutting like that of a suffocating fish. We are shown the ugliest of wounds in all their horridness and horror. Thanks to Malraux, we penetrate to the heart of courage and of cowardice. And Malraux—I say it after sober thought—has described men at war, and the physical incidents of war, as truly as any writer I have ever read, and more movingly than any other.

But if this were only a book of action, it would be only half the book it is. It is also a book of thought, and in it is some of the most significant thinking of our time—thought of which we must all take notice, thought that is making history. A review cannot do justice to it. One must listen to Garcia and Manuel and Hernandez and Magnin and the "Negus" and the rest. I will quote only one colloquy. Hernandez asks why the revolution cannot be brought about by "the most humane element of mankind." And Garcia replies: "For the simple reason, my dear fellow, that the most humane people don't stand for revolution. They stand for public libraries and . . . cemeteries. More's the pity!"

Those who believe that they belong to the most humane element of mankind are the last who can afford to ignore "Man's Hope"—if there are any who can afford to ignore it.

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An Intellectual Vacation

PHILOSOPHER'S HOLIDAY. By Irwin Edman. New York: The Viking Press. 1938. $2.75.

Reviewed by DAVID MCCORD

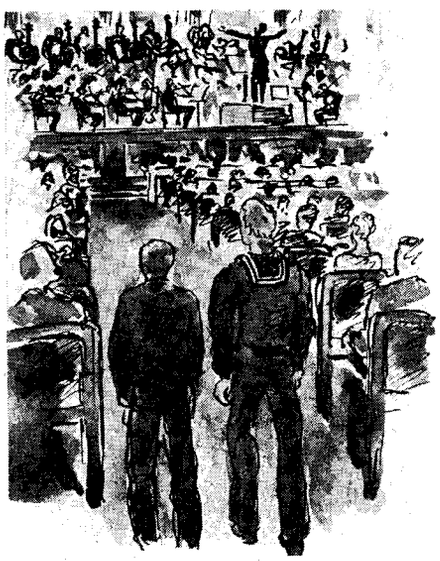
IT must be admitted in the beginning that Dr. Edman's book is one which many of us would like to write in pattern, and one which a great many others in its present accomplishment will read with interest if not with profit. "Philosopher's Holiday" is plainly a seductive title; behind the title is the gentle and encouraging apology; and behind the apology a score of chapters full of the kindest sort of invitation. There is little pretension. Perhaps that is why I expected more than I found.

What I found (what most readers will find) is the inner report of a sensitive, educated man who has encountered in his forty-few years a not abnormal amount of human souls, catholic literature, good music, and exposed himself to European travel. This man has read the books, heard the symphonies, indulged in theories, grown angry from injustice, answered responsive voices, dreamed in the foreign twilights common to more people than most of us admit. He has seen, done, and heard so much of the right thing that more than one reader of his notes will wonder why he has not told us more about it. I can think of a number of writers who, with the same set of symbols, the identical stimuli, would fail of producing for the layman half so good a book. But Dr. Edman happens to be a philosopher of attainment and report: his position endows him with primary access to certain mysteries of life—or at least we think it does. It is therefore a little disappointing to the reader to be able to draw most of his conclusions in advance.

This is not to be unfair. After all, "Philosopher's Holiday" can mean a holiday from philosophy, as a carpenter's holiday, is a holiday from hammering. "But in comparison with the final truth of things which a god might know," says the concluding sentence in the book, "even the most serious philosophy would seem a child's play too." Dr. Edman may contend on evidence that "such meditations as have crept into these pages are the veriest holiday triflings." Granted! but I wish they had reached the depths for which any reader may see that he is searching.

There is no doubt that the book renders an attractive flavor and was well worth the writing. It has the entertainment which the author hoped it would have. It has a sense of adventure, and it sets up the right vibrating in the chords of personal experience. We may easily identify ourselves with many things in nearly every chapter. But I wish I could not as easily identify his Plato, poetry, and music. One likes to hear the wreathed horns of some other Tritons, haply unknown. Once, as an undergraduate in philosophy, I absentmindedly signed a paper "David Hume," perhaps out of feeling for a Scot whose Christian name I had the luck to share. My teacher (like Dr. Edman, a great Platonist) gave it the necessary public attention; and I fear that some of those who will come to share Dr. Edman's holiday will wish that he had permitted himself some voyage farther away from the classroom to which (with its more elementary figures and illustration) he is absentmindedly returning again and again. His Latin pun of *Eheu fuges, eheu fuges,* in the midst of some musical memories, permits us to remark that in his more palestral moments he is showing us but Whitehead sepulchers.

No reviewer would care to pick these textual flaws were he not convinced of the good things on the good side. The



Jewell V. Jones at Carnegie Hall. (From the jacket of "Philosopher's Holiday.")

chapter on Little Older New York, for example, is wistful in reflection and penetrating in detail. His two best characters, M. Platon, the physician-philosopher, and Jewell V. Jones, the sailor-philosopher-milkman, are not only worth acquaintance, but will remain long in the mind. I greatly enjoyed his chapter on former students and his observations on love in Luxembourg (nearly as good as Donald Moffat, the specialist in the field). The long chapter called "Sane Englishmen" is an extension of its remarkable prototype in his admired Santayana ("Soliloquies in England"). Dr. Edman doesn't say it with the Santayana wit and cadence, but his conclusions are sound and less snobbish than the master's. Finally, it is curious that a love of Santayana and a natural love of verse as well as of music has not made Dr. Edman a finer craftsman in prose. He allows himself some strange twists of sentence; and it is entirely impossible to overlook such writing as this on page 118: "He seemed older than he had been, but he had always seemed grown up. He had, I had heard, had various reasons for discouragement, both personal and professional, since he had left college." There is nothing else nearly so bad as that. "The arts are the languages of men," he says elsewhere very beautifully. Let one keep but the sound of his honey of Hymettus.

David McCord is the author of several books of essays and verse, including "Oddly Enough" and "Bay Window Ballads."

Men and Machines

F.O.B. DETROIT. By Wessel Smitter. New York: Harper & Bros. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS ADAMIC

WAITING in a long line before the Holt automobile plant in Detroit, two young workers get into conversation, and by a ruse manage to slip into the employment office ahead of the others and get jobs. Bennie, the narrator, is an old hand at motor assembly; Russ, fresh from the timber lands of upper Wisconsin, is unbroken to the servitude of mass-production machinery.

With Bennie as his assistant, Russ's first job is to run the manipulator, "a kind of derrick that handles chunks of hot steel." Russ, who has a gift for engineering, learns to work its various levers as if he were playing an organ. But the manipulator is outmoded, and Russ is put on the belt where he has to put so many nuts per minute on motors streaming by him. This job is maddeningly monotonous, requires no intelligence, only a habit of certain hand movements.

Then comes a layoff and months of inactivity, cold, hunger, bewilderment, squabbles with his wife, who once wanted to go clamming with him, but now that there is a baby feels differently. When the plant opens again, Russ—who was like a giant among dwarfs, a Paul Bunyan of Detroit, because he wanted to be a man, to run machines and not have them run him—is changed. He is never broken to the machine; he is broken by it.

This is not a new story, but it is newly and well told by a young man who for years worked in a Ford factory. He writes from the inside with powerful feeling. Machines and workers are vividly described in a simply told, restrained, but intensely moving narrative. There are two episodes in this book—a fight between Russ's manipulator and a crane operated by another worker, and the situation on the assembly line when a man commits suicide—that are downright amazing, utterly different, surpassing in drama anything else I know of in literature of this kind. For them alone this book should not be overlooked, nor for what as a whole it implicitly involves—something of the story of millions of workers in America.

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"Grandma . . . could live on beet greens . . . and once got drunk all unwittingly on raisins." . . .

Country Childhood

GRANDMA CALLED IT CARNAL. By Bertha Damon. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

"GRANDMA said that always to be grasping for more and more things and missing more and more values was no way for immortal souls to behave. Grandma called it carnal." Grandma was a disciple of Thoreau, believing in plain living and high thinking, exalting the soul by mortifying the flesh. She was stern and rigid and intolerant, set in her ways, just and self-denying and noble all at once. She would have no traffic with modernity; the good old ways were good enough for her, so the clapboard Connecticut house in which she lived with Aunt Martha and the two little girls orphaned by her daughter's death was cold with the insufficient heating of fireplaces, lighted by candles, dusted and cleaned and run without benefit of mechanical helps to housekeeping. Miss Damon has managed to draw her portrait with just the proper touch of raillery to show the humors of her manner of living without detracting from the dignity of her character.

Grandma's two gods were Thoreau and Ruskin. She lived in a century which still reverenced its idols, and by conversation and reading aloud and the manner of her living she established her respect for what she held sacred. She was the focus about which revolved a usual New England country childhood, a figure which dominated the landscape of school and home and play, a personality which in Miss Damon's depiction of it walks with something of majesty. Grandma, who could live on beet greens and believed the color of one's clothes was not an esthetic but a moral problem, and who once got drunk all unwittingly on raisins—Grandma is more than amusing or odd or even striking; she is a figure of significance in the pattern of American life. She deserves a wide circle of acquaintances, and I hope she gets it.

This Business of Marriage

WISDOM'S GATE. By Margaret Ayer Barnes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by REBECCA LOWRIE

FROM the background she evoked so successfully in "Years of Grace," Mrs. Barnes has chosen one of the Carver children to carry on the story of this well-born, amiable, affluent family—the Forsytes, one might say of Lakewood, Illinois. The clan has enlarged and a new generation has grown up. The worst of the depression has been weathered and the adjustments it necessitated are being made with the gay gallantry one expects from the Ward-Carver traditions. Mrs. Barnes wastes no time in giving the reader a foreboding that. Cicely Carver Bridges-Lancaster has a more difficult and intimate problem to face, one which calls not only for gallantry but for intelligence and an honest appraisal of the whole business of marriage. The story opens with the Lancasters' return from China. The situation is a bit strained because they are returning to the multiplicity of family bosoms provided by triple relationships of marriage, divorce, and lifelong friendships. (The relationships are complicated enough to make the genealogical table which Mrs. Barnes supplies most helpful.)

Cicely's first marriage to Jack Bridges was conventionally happy until she fell in love with Albert Lancaster, on his return from several years of diplomatic service in Europe. That he is married to her cousin Belle makes the situation psychically harder, but not insurmountable. That Albert is a charming, likable person with the instincts of a hawk and a homing pigeon combined, makes living with him uncertain, to say the least. He is unfaithful to Cicely, not once, but several times, and not because he has stopped loving her, or because she is not the stable and beloved element in his life, but because, apparently, unfaithfulness is fun.

The question before Cicely is what to do about it. Mrs. Barnes succeeds admirably, I think, in dramatizing the consciousness of an intelligent young woman, and she does not, happily, insist on identifying herself with her heroine, by yielding to the temptation to make that person react as she would under the same circumstances. The result is that "Wisdom's Gate" is primarily a good story. Its thesis is convincing because the exponents of the thesis are pleasant, believable people.

Fugitives and Mohawks

SMOKEFIRES IN SCHOHARIE. By Don Cameron Shafer. Longmans, Green Company. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOLMES ALEXANDER

IT is not quite accurate to call this exciting book an historical novel. Rather it might be catalogued as a streamlined epic, for it covers seventy years and includes three generations of tribal adventure. Its hero, in accordance with the classical definition of an epic, is not an individual, but a race of primitive people; its action is swift, episodic, and panoramic.

Mr. Shafer lets his story tell itself, leaving out explanations and merely sketching in the scenic background. His curtain rises on a band of German fugitives who have left the seacoast in 1713 to try their luck in the rich valley country of western New York. Ragged, unarmed, and foodless they arrive at the Indian village of Schoharie and throw themselves on the mercy of a Mohawk tribe. The author writes with objective simplicity of his hero's struggle for existence. The women stoically bear children under adverse conditions, and the men astonishingly kill black bears with axes and attack wolves with bare hands. Only the author's complete sincerity makes these tall tales convincing. As the years go by their adventures take on a more civilized nature. Politicians steal the people's land and alienate the friendly Mohawks. The sons of the pioneers fight the French and Indian Wars; their grandsons engage on both sides of the Revolution. What Mr. Shafer presents is the wheel of history, revolving through war, depression, and an everlasting hunger for land and wealth.

Both the virtues and defects of the story are in the methods of its telling. The episodic system leaves much room for confusion as to personality and event, and not enough room for effective detail in characterization and description. Mr. Shafer bears his self-imposed handicap lightly. For all its rambling scope the book is compactly plotted. His direct and unadorned style becomes a vehicle which spans decades and generations with the speedy comfort of modern airline travel.

Readers who wish a more minute view of the landscape will think that "Smokefires in Schoharie" lacks the substantial quality of Grade A historical fiction. But there will be many to enjoy the ride, and no one may justly say that Mr. Shafer has not accomplished exactly what he set out to do.

Holmes Alexander is a biographer who has specialized in the period of the American Revolution.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Music Critics and Book Reviewers

MUCH as book reviewers would like to feel that they are affecting the reading habits of the nation, the influence of book reviews is usually impossible to trace. A successful book is the result of numerous interacting influences, and it is only in occasional cases that the influence of specific reviews can be isolated. This is not to say that book reviews are ineffective, but only that their effect on readers is seldom subject to measurement.

By way of contrast, consider music criticism. In our issue of October 22, Mr. Paul H. Lang, reviewing Lawrence Gilman's "Toscanini and Great Music," pointed out that the music critics of America, in their appreciation of the greatest living conductor, have helped to create a sort of musical monopoly. Mr. Gilman's book, wrote Mr. Lang, "embodies a musical ideal and orientation, which while acknowledging . . . the excellence of *one* exclusive body of musicians under *one* conductor . . . denies all recognition to the 'lesser lights' of music. This exaggerated exclusiveness has injured and retarded our musical life considerably."

Mr. Gilman's book, from the point of view of this editorial, which approaches the subject in an entirely amateur manner, seems symptomatic of the state of music criticism in this country, and we use it as a convenience to point out a significant difference between music reviewing and book reviewing. "Toscanini and Great Music," published with an eye to timeliness at the beginning of Toscanini's current radio season, presents a rediscovery of a number of standard orchestral works through the medium of Toscanini's performance. It expresses the point of view—which has for the last ten years been the prevailing point of view of Mr. Gilman and his colleagues—that to hear Toscanini conduct even a hackneyed symphony like Beethoven's Fifth is to hear it for the first time. By inescapable implication, we are led to believe that no other conductor can achieve the miracle of revitalization and perfection in the presentation of what Mr. Gilman calls "the completeness of the music's truth—no more, no less."

In common with most other readers of music criticism, we approach the matter as an amateur, and take no issue with this point of view. There is no question whatever about the supremacy of Toscanini. What interests us is the influence of the music critics on the concert-going public. It is considerably more direct and more powerful than the influence of book reviewers on the reading public. From our very amateur standpoint, we have seen a succession of conductors go through cycles of favor in this country, in which the influence of the critics on the public was clearly discernible. We can remember the acclaim which greeted Mengelberg when he took over the Philharmonic Orchestra from Stransky; the furore which the critics raised after Furtwängler's début; the fulsome adjectives which were bestowed season after season on Stokowski. Now, as for some years past, Toscanini is everything. He is not merely the supreme conductor, he is the only conductor. Such has been the process of our music critics' enthusiasm, and you don't have to work in the box office at Carnegie Hall to know that trade follows the critical flag-waving.

Now all this is as if the book reviewers of America were to single out only one writer at a time for their commendation. It is as if they had all decided, in 1920, that Sinclair Lewis was a wonder-boy but Dreiser was a has-been; in 1927, that Hemingway was the great American novelist but Lewis was all washed up; in 1930, that Faulkner was our leading novelist but Hemingway a disappointment; in 1936, that Steinbeck was the man to read but Faulkner was through. Would this have made any sense to the reading public? Certainly not; but it is not an impossibly far-fetched analogy with what the music critics have been doing, of the "exaggerated exclusiveness" which Mr. Lang says "has injured and retarded our musical life."

It is true that in the book field an occasional William Lyon Phelps or Alexander Woollcott can make his enthusiasms immediately and widely contagious. But even the Phelpses and Woollcotts have not caused the public to stop reading the authors they didn't themselves care for. The exclusiveness of the best-seller lists is nothing compared to the situation in music which Mr. Lang pointed out. Why is this? Why do the music critics seem to exert so much more power over public opinion than book reviewers?

The difference, we think, lies rather in the nature of the audiences than in that of the reviewers. In technical knowledge, in training, and in experience, there is a considerable disparity between the amateur music-lover and the professional music critic—much more than exists between the reader and the book reviewer. The reading public is less easily bluffed; the musical public is more apt to be responsive when the critics extol the virtues of the emperor's new clothes. The fact that the emperor may really have on the new clothes—as in the case of Toscanini—is irrelevant, because most of the public wouldn't recognize them unless the critics pointed them out. Some millions of Americans are going to listen to the Toscanini broadcast on Saturday evening. How many of them would know the difference if Stokowski or Koussevitzky were substituted for Toscanini, without any announcement of the change? For that matter, how many of the music critics could pass a blindfold test on conductors? Possibly they all could, for anything we know to the contrary; but we wish the National Broadcasting Company would try it once, just for fun. It might clear the atmosphere of a lot of pretentious hokum.

Bernard Shaw suggested a similar experiment for dramatic critics in the prologue and epilogue of "Fanny's First Play," in which he stacked the cards so that of all the London critics, the only one to guess right was the inexperienced young man just up from the city room. The same idea might be worked out for book reviewers, but it is really unnecessary, because it is easy enough for their readers to check up on them. There are, of course, many fields of book reviewing which require special knowledge, where the amateur reader wants to know what the authorities on the subject have to say. And occasionally, a quote from an authority like John Dewey will help to distribute copies of an "Art of Thinking" among the multitudes. But in general, the influence of authorities on the sale of books is narrowly limited; and in the usual round of reviewing, the territory separating reviewer and reader is considerably smaller than that between the listener and the music critic. Book reviewing seems to be, in general, a more democratic process; and perhaps the difficulty of tracing the influence of book reviews is, accordingly, a healthy symptom for the book world.

To a Rushing Car

By FLORENCE W. EVANS

QUICK come quick go, a flash on wall and pane,
a hoot, a zoom, a zish, slashing the dead
uncounted night. You rush amain . . .
you do not know I hear you in my bed.

Up a dark hill into a darker wood,
swished tail and feline purr,
then nothing; past deep farms on Yelping Road . . .
Who else awake to wonder who you were?

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Letters to the Editor: *Maine and Mr. Roberts*

"Trending into Maine"

SIR:—Being one of those temporary residents, but permanent lovers, of Maine and the Maine seacoast, which group Mr. Kenneth Roberts mentions in "Trending into Maine," I have wondered what other readers have thought of this curious mixture of folklore, advertising, economics, and imagination which he has collected on his native state.

Those of us who feel a partial ownership in Maine, though we can only come here during summer vacations, may scan the pages of this book eagerly and say: "Yes, I've been here," or: "I've seen that," or: "That's what I've always wanted to say." Then we may sit back and wish we could write a book, especially a book about Maine, that would bring in sales enough to let us stay in Maine the year round. Perhaps that's as far as our reactions should go. Those Maine natives whom Mr. Roberts defends and praises are the ones who really should pass judgment on this book which is of them, by them, but not entirely for them. Several of them think it is great.

However that may be, Mr. Roberts appears to set forth two considerations: Maine and Mr. Roberts. He moves us almost to tears with the nostalgic letters of a sea captain's wife from Havana and Europe to her home in Maine. When he shows us the down-east lobstermen, we can almost hear their Yankee drawls as they stop to pass the time of day, or the put-put of their engines as they turn away from us into the ocean sunlight and go on to the next lobster buoy. But once Mr. Roberts has presented these, how unnecessary the remarks are that he adds, and the more feelingly he adds them, the more unnecessary they become. Instead of letting well enough alone, in his best chapters on Maine and her people, he must needs add his own comments by bitterly deriding those who have looked down on state-of-Mainers, or by long expostulations in which he compares his own reactions to Maine cooking, fishing, gunning, and other joys, with those of writers in other parts of the world, and arrives at the breath-taking conclusion, which his reader has arrived at long, long before, that these things are just as satisfying in Maine as anywhere else in the world. Maine does not need to be defended. Mr. Roberts amply shows this, and then proceeds to defend her.

There are unforgettable bits in "Northwest Passage," that as pictures of Maine, and literary gems, are worth more, to me at least, than the whole of "Trending into Maine." There is the native farmer who shelters Langdon Towne on the latter's homeward journey from Ticonderoga, after the agonies and blood-curdling adventures of the six weeks' expedition to St. Francis, and who can only find words to ask how the weather was up there, and add, "Had a lot o' rain down here." At the end of the story Langdon returns to settle in Kittery with his young wife, and like a pleasant aftermath to a storm, leaves the reader with a picture of a sleeping field and summer sky in the Maine that he loves. Such passages, needing quotation, of course, to be justified, are what Mr. Roberts can do when he makes up his mind to the good old platitude of showing instead of telling. Would he had done more of it in the book that was for that purpose.

I fear I have raked Mr. Roberts over the coals more than is my privilege, or his due. One needs only a few minutes with his book to realize that he understands and appreciates Maine as only those can who have lived there and made the effort. The same must certainly be said for Mr. Wyeth, who spends happy summer days (at least he looks happy) at work on board his motorboat at Port Clyde, in a scene exactly like, if not identical with, that of his handsome frontispiece in "Trending into Maine."

JULIA EATON.

Ocean Point, Maine.

"There isn't room in this house for belles lettres and me both."

On Matters of Art . . .

I'm rather well known for my neat turn
  of phrase
And my great verbal skill and endurance;
On matters of art, though reluctant to
  praise,
I dissert with complete self-assurance.

A book or a play, I dismember with ease;
  I've the eye of a fish-hawk, for flaws.
While at dinners and teas I converse like
  a breeze,
And my mots evoke rounds of applause.

I'm much in demand at this sort of affair,
  —My wit is so bright and unpleasant;
And the way that I slice up the friends
  who aren't there
Quite convulses the friends who are
  present.

But it frequently rather disturbs me to
  find
Though I've gifts of the very first rank,
That, away from the lights and the music,
  my mind
Is a thorough, immaculate blank.

I can talk, it is true, but I can't seem to
  write,
Or else when I do, it appears
That what I've put down is surprisingly
  trite
And would bore any reader to tears.

Can it be then, that though I am fluent
  and free
And glib and beguiling and gay,
My thoughts are restricted to two or three
And I really have nothing to say?

Or is it, perhaps, that I and my set
Who meet every evening at Toni's,
Are just—I suggest this with heartfelt
  regret—
A collection of tiresome phonies?

CHARLES M. FAIR.

Wakefield, R. I.

"Roll On, O World!"

SIR:—I believe you have a column for literary inquiries and would appreciate it if you will publish the following request:

What is the title and author of the poem in which a young man, in debt and out of luck, facetiously bewails his fate and puts on a front of bravado, ending each stanza with the line: "Roll on, O world! Roll on!"*? The author of the poem places an asterisk at the end of the final line, and the footnote in parentheses reads: *(It rolls on).

THOMAS D. ELIOT,
Professor of Sociology.
Northwestern University,
Evanston, Ill.

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Solitary Explorer

ALONE. By Richard E. Byrd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by HILTON HOWELL RAILEY

ONE puts this book down, having read it carefully, with sympathetic awareness of its importance to the author: subjectively revealed is Admiral Byrd's intense desire for understanding that eludes him. During his first sojourn in the Antarctic Dick Byrd discovered not only Marie Byrd Land and bleak stretches to the East; not only the South Pole from the air, a mathematical point on a plateau frozen by the breath of the universe, but the Cosmos. On his second expedition he discovered God in relation to himself—and the adolescent truth, as the climax of it all (having risked and almost lost his life, at forty-six, to learn it) that "a man doesn't begin to attain wisdom until he recognizes that he is no longer indispensable."

In the writing of "Alone" of course it proved harrowing, as Admiral Byrd confesses, "to relive again some of the bitter moments" of his voluntary isolation at Latitude 80° 08′ South. He was plagued by the wisdom of hindsight as well as the necessity of explanation. In search of understanding he was, inevitably, misunderstood. At the beginning of his apologia he asserts, disarmingly, that "aside from the meteorological and auroral work" involved at this post of a scientific sentinel (his outward justification) he really wanted to go "for the experience's sake . . . I had no important purposes." Originally, it had been his intention to staff Advance Base with several men, three or more; ultimately, through wholesome fear of propinquity, and for other good reasons, he had the guts to buck it alone. Before he made that decision he had weighed the criticism he must weather. He knew, for example, that in the United States and elsewhere his singular undertaking might give rise to suspicion that he had been exiled by his own men; even that he had gone out there "to do some quiet but serious drinking," and that other such aspersions, no less unflattering (and untrue) might pursue him after his triumphant return to ticker tape in New York. There were moments of "heart-sinking doubts" before he set out, but he resolved them. It was his own scheme and, with whatever misgivings, he cherished it mordantly. In his words we learn why:

> I wanted to sink roots in some replenishing philosophy. And so it occurred to me, as the situation surrounding Advance Base evolved, that here was the opportunity. Out there on the South Polar barrier, in cold and darkness as complete as that of the Pleistocene, I should have time to catch up, to study and think and listen to the phonograph; and, for maybe seven months, remote from all but the simplest distractions, I should be able to live exactly as I chose, obedient to no necessities but those imposed by wind and night and cold, and to no man's laws but my own. That was the way I saw it.

Whatever one's hypothesis of his motives (and the average man's is likely to disappoint him) there can be but one sincere view of the gallantry of his conduct throughout his long siege in "non-dimensional darkness, without shadow or substance." For four and a half months, in a hut several hundred miles from his companions at Little America—a hut that could be spanned in four strides one way, three the other—he remained alone. For more than half this period he waged a truly desperate struggle against asphyxia-

Admiral Byrd: "I wanted to . . . have time to catch up, to study and think and listen to the phonograph." . . .

tion from the fumes of a gasoline-driven generator which powered the transmitter of his radio, and against monoxide poisoning from leaky joints in his stove—perils with which he was not equipped to cope.

Prior to the development of these menaces we find him, although handicapped by a lame shoulder, cheerfully adapted —reading, among other fellow philosophers, Santayana and Somerset Maugham, counting calories, sending wireless messages to Oscar of the Waldorf for guidance in cooking and to a food laboratory in Rochester for a verdict on his diet; taking auroral observations, and hazardous walks with bamboo sticks as beacons. "This," he reports, "was a grand period. I was conscious only of a mind utterly at peace, a mind adrift upon the smooth, romantic tides of imagination. . . ." Only once, throughout the ordeal, when deadly fumes sapped his strength and the pain in his arms and back and head was "almost crucifying," did he give way to despair; only once did he weaken in his resolution to stick it out to the point of death rather than reveal his plight to his men and risk their lives on an expedition to save his own. But further to violate his arcanum would be unfair: all this is so intimately Admiral Byrd's story that its flavor would be lost in any words but his own.

Dick Byrd, the Virginian, Dick Byrd, the American, is also inseparably Don Quixote and Parsifal. His simple spirit is indigenous to the soil of his pioneering forefathers. To Ford his peace ship; to Byrd his ice barrier—and confusion to the sophisticates!

Hilton Howell Railey, author of "Touch'd with Madness," was general manager of Byrd's first expedition to the Antarctic.

Approach to Reading

ENJOYMENT OF LITERATURE. By John Cowper Powys. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1938. $3.75.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THE reader who opens this book at random, beguiled by the title into supposing that he is to be led among the green pastures or the sublime landscapes of literature, will find himself, to begin with, staggering through the morass of an unbelievably turgid style, slipping down into its pools of adjectives (there is a succession of participles more than two lines long applied to Walt Whitman), lashed by thickets of exclamation points, deafened by thunderstorms of italics. If, struggling to regain firmer ground, he turns back to the table of contents, he will find that it consists of chapters on the Old and New Testaments, Greek Tragedy, and eighteen individual authors, most of them the very greatest—Homer, Dante, Shakespeare — together with Poe, Proust, and others. But if, refreshed by this visit to the calmer tableland, the reader turns to the chapter on some author he knows, he is likely to find Mr. Powys's conclusions so entirely foreign of his own and to accepted opinion that he will feel as though he had strayed into the country imagined by Mr. H. G. Wells, where "their space has a kink in it so that all their planes are cylinders."

The key to this orgiastic book is to be found in two of Mr. Powys's earlier books, "A Philosophy of Solitude" and "In Defense of Sensuality." In those books, Mr. Powys revealed himself as a tormented soul and described certain techniques which he practised in order to find life bearable at all. If one reads the present book with those in mind, one will find that he chiefly values writers for their power of defense against what he has called earlier "the goblinish cruelty of the auto-sadistic demon of one's own mind"; and that this is what he means by "enjoyment." For example, if one remembers that he has commended the cultivation of an attitude toward life of what may be called sacramentalism without the

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supernatural grace which should be its essence, that he has advised us to regard eating and lying down to sleep as acts to be approached with reverence, then one will be able to understand that almost the only thing that he finds to commend in Homer is that the Homeric heroes bring dignity to cooking and washing. This is quite true, and it is a part of the pleasure that one does take in Homer; but to any one who remembers the great Achilles, whom we know, it will seem a strangely minor point. Again, another of Mr. Powys's techniques of happiness was a sheer (and perhaps rather Byronic) defiance of misery, and it is therefore to be expected that in reading Dante he should discard the Paradiso, the last for which the first was made, and should identify himself with the defiant sinners of the Inferno.

It is so with all the other authors. What Mr. Powys finds in them is some remedy for his own unhappiness, not what by common consent makes them great. And unhappiness is so individual a matter that "Enjoyment of Literature" is like some one else's eye-glasses: if one does not suffer from the owner's precise astigmatism, it offers nothing but distortion and strain.

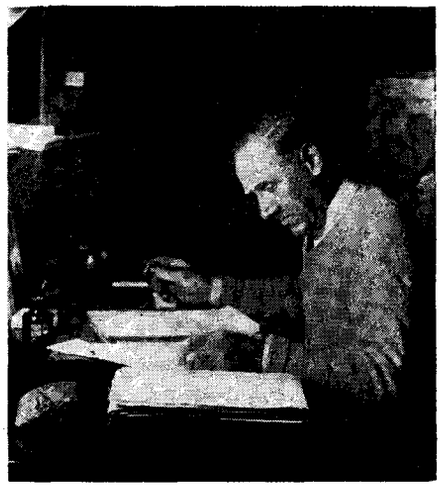
The Derelict Who Didn't Go Native

DERELICTS. By William McFee. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by OLIVER LAFARGE

ONE sits down to a full-dress novel by William McFee with the confident anticipation of well-drawn and well-developed characters, splendid local color, in a tightly woven narrative. Mr. Spenlove in his sixties unfolds the story of Captain Remson, the derelict who didn't go native. Bit by bit Remson's character and motives are laid out for the reader, like a fine demonstration of dissection. For lagniappe we get a detailed study of Mr. Spenlove himself, a full sketch of Mrs. Colwell, and studies of half a dozen others. One remembers sharply the telling, brief outline of Haxo, the romantic lecher. Solid meat, leisurely, complete, over four hundred pages of it.

Perhaps a bit too solid, perhaps a little too much. The device of the narrator offers an interesting method, resulting in verisimilitude when well handled; and it opens the way to special slants. It is also likely to lead the author to comment and analyze too much. It can be, as in "The Hurricane," merely abused, a needless extra literary flourish on a good story. No man ever talked that long in that manner, nor could any human being sit listening for such a time.



William McFee

Mr. McFee avoids that fault. It takes Spenlove many days, aboard ship and during a week-end on Long Island, to tell his story. Each slice represents a long session, within normal credibility, though I suspect that Mrs. Colwell, his auditor, would have become restless at moments. The circumstances of starting and ending each session are given, Mrs. Colwell's interruptions and queries, Spenlove's thoughts as well as his words. The whole thing is credible, we believe that such conversations could be held, and perhaps inevitably, we are forced to the discovery that in fiction, as would be the case in real life, Mr. Spenlove has become dull.

"Derelicts" suffers throughout from the vices of a virtue. We are given not only a story, but the story of telling a story, in such a way that the teller, the listener, numerous surrounding people, and their manifold activities during the period of the narration, are vivid and credible to us. Which slows the story up no end. Then the telling itself is so credible, so typical that Spenlove gives us a brief summary of the end somewhere in the middle of the book, along with a complete analysis of Remson, and then spends chapters reaching the end and continuing his analysis. As we approach lively points of action, we are stopped over and over again for descriptions of what he learned from Remson, from Stamm, from Voit. . . . The reader wants to shout, "Get on with it!"

Readers vary as much as writers. To many, the feast of characters will be adequate. Goodness knows Mr. Spenlove is a grand job, a better job than Remson, as a matter of fact. It's a pleasure, too, to watch pure skill at work. But those who need sustained narrative to hold interest will have a better time if they skip freely.

Doña in Dublin

MOUNT VENUS. By Mary Manning. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

A GAY but shrewd novel set in Dublin and its environs, this is the story of a "county" family, their servants, and their revolutionary antics. Mount Venus itself, a red brick Victorian mansion on the slopes of the Dublin mountains, is the home of the McConnells. When we first meet Caroline McConnell, the widow of a Nationalist labor leader, she is in her late sixties, and is generally known to followers and friends as the Doña. Her beauty, although ravaged, is still forceful, her incorrigible romanticism is unabated, and she is still the moving spirit of a group of revolutionists committed to Ireland's separation from England.

Mary Manning

Miss Manning has succeeded in imbuing all her people with astonishing vitality. They hold revolutionary meetings and concerts, they quarrel and love, laugh and suffer, and are almost as articulate as Russians. Of plot there is plenty to carry the reader smoothly along, but it is in her delightful characterization and in her sly spoofing that the author shines most brightly.

The Doña, with all her majestic attitudes and flair for life, is nevertheless romantic in her fashion about democracy and minorities. She sends her son and his friends to Spain to kill and die for "our common cause," and when the League of Christian Soldiers threatens the lives and the headquarters of the revolutionists, she is all agog to fight in the grand old Nationalists' tradition. But young workers with modern methods gradually aspire to leadership, and she sees that secretly they long to be rid of her. The household at Mount Venus is scattering, and the Doña, wasting no time in regrets, heads indomitably north to work for Protestant Belfast, and so leaves us, "the last of the daughters of Houlihan."

Miss Manning is a surprisingly versatile young woman. She has written a number of Irish plays, acted character parts in the Gate Theatre Company, and edited its magazine. Now she adds to her list of accomplishments this clever and amusing novel, proving that she is blessed far above the average with a penetrating eye and a ready wit. It is our good fortune that she now lives in America, and I for one hope she will look upon Americans at home with the same understanding twinkle with which she regarded her characters in Dublin, and tell us more of what she sees.

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Enterprise—Public and Private

ROADS TO A NEW AMERICA. By David Cushman Coyle. Boston: Little Brown and Co. 1938. $2.75.

Reviewed by PAUL H. DOUGLAS

MR. COYLE approaches the economic problem of the times with much of the precision which characterized his work as an engineer and with the imagination and style of an artist. In this book, he is certainly close to his best as he examines with an honest eye what our difficulties are and what we need to do if we are to make democracy work in the economic field.

The central theme of his book is simple. It is that there is a great difference between costs to the individual and to society and between what pays dividends for one or the other. Some of our troubles are due to ignorance but some are due to this essential disparity. It may have paid individual lumbermen to have leveled the forests to the ground, but it certainly has not paid society which has suffered from alternate freshets and droughts. It may not always pay a hillside farmer to terrace his land but his neighbors below will suffer if he does not. It is difficult for an individual farmer to carry on an offensive warfare against insects but it pays society. Similarly, individual businesses find it impossible to reverse the Niagara-like rush of a business depression by launching new construction and expanding output. But society, operating through the national government, does find it advantageous to start new public works which benefit private enterprise. For unless business men have been too badly miseducated by the orthodox economists, each dollar of added public expenditure will through the operation of "the multiplier" increase the total national income by appreciably more than itself.

All this is, of course, recognized by so able an economist as Pigou, but few of the American group have seen these facts as vividly as Mr. Coyle. Throughout the book, he properly emphasizes the fact that a large part of our governmental expenses increases the true capital assets of society and raise the incomes of individual farmers, wage-earners, and business men. Mr. Coyle insists with great cogency that if these items were taken into account the governmental budget would really be balanced. At the same time, he turns the tables on most critics of the Roosevelt fiscal policy by pointing out that private businesses have frequently been able to show a surplus only by grossly depleting such capital resources of society as the forests and the soil, or by shouldering off upon the community costs in the form of damaged health, etc., which they have caused but for which they avoid paying. So far, therefore, from curtailing government expenditures on such objects as soil and timber conservation, schools, etc., Mr. Coyle would increase the total outlays, while he also advocates much wider and more generous old age pensions, financed by income taxes. By these and other methods, he believes that a much needed redistribution of income can be obtained, and the effective consuming power of the masses so increased that a larger volume of mass production goods can be purchased and more employment given.

It will, of course, be objected to this that such methods would decrease the purchasing power of the rich by the same amount as they build up the buying capacities of the poor, and hence would give no net stimulus to re-employment. Mr. Coyle has, however, a ready reply to this criticism, namely, that a large proportion of the dollars thus transferred would be saved by the rich but not invested in industry, while if given to the poorer groups would be spent by them for consumers' goods, and hence would increase the total effective demand.

In his attitude toward the control of business, Mr. Coyle as a wise American is properly a pluralist. He does not want industry to be either one hundred per cent capitalistic or socialistic. Instead, he wants small business fostered wherever practicable, and the power of the private monopolies greatly reduced.

There are but two main points upon which I should like to add a word of caution. Mr. Coyle believes we have saved too much in the past, and seems to find his way out in stimulating present consumption. This is needed. But if we could revive investment, we should find opportunities for our capacities to save, while such a revival of the capital goods industries would also have an indirect "multiplier" which would still further increase the national income. A further lowering of the interest rate may be necessary to effect this revival. Secondly, while I am in favor of Mr. Coyle's program of taxation so far as the principle is concerned, I do not believe that he has quite counted the entire cost of his program, and envisaged the degree of progressive taxation which it would be necessary to employ.

But these are but minor issues in terms of the general sweep of Mr. Coyle's book. In its combination of insight, openmindedness, and toughness of texture, it is in the best of our American tradition.

Fun with Foreign Affairs

LAUGHING DIPLOMAT. By Daniele Varè. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

IN these days of "shirt sleeves diplomacy," involving mobilizations and partitions, it is rather pleasant to encounter at least one statesman of the old school, accustomed to consider politics a game for gentlemen and to look at a troubled world with a sense of humor. Daniele Varè, Italian diplomat and author of "The Last Empress" and "The Maker of Heavenly Trousers," tells with wit and charm the story of an active life in Europe and Asia since 1900. His memoirs comprise entries from his diary, reminiscences of public and private affairs and extracts from "That Handbook of the Perfect Diplomat," a collection of epigrams and anecdotes previously published in Italy. They contain no startling revelations of high politics, but describe men and events with the detached amusement of a cultured skeptic who can quote Machiavelli and Lewis Carroll with equal facility. After a daily diet of Hitler, Chamberlain, Daladier, and Benes in the newspapers, it is indeed refreshing to read that "like a bullet, a diplomat will go farthest if he is smooth" or that "women and horses and governments have much in common. They can all be tiresome on occasion, but it is no use taking offense at anything they do."

Daniele Varè

This laughing diplomat wanders from pre-war Berlin and Vienna, with glimpses of Joachim and the Emperor Franz Josef, to post-war Geneva, Peking, Luxemburg, and Copenhagen. He combines a romantic encounter with Duse at the Villa Borghese with some farcical episodes at the League of Nations. It was Signor Varè who solved the seating problem at the League Assembly by reserving a section for an imaginary country named "République de Zembla," and who sent his Foreign Office a whimsical account of an imaginary disarmament meeting written by an American diplomat. While the serious-minded reader may take offense at the extremely aristocratic and conservative outlook of the author, and wonder whether the cynicism of the professional diplomat did not contribute to the death of the League, he can only rejoice that some one still finds international relations a source for jest.

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Translations from the Chinese

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

But Slightly Shaken

IT'S good to see you, O. M.—
It's good to be seen, he replied.
How are you these days?
Well, replied the Old Mandarin
Who had been reading book catalogues:
I'm in good secondhand condition.

Gemmation in November

Like trees and shrubs, he added,
I have a false budding
In warm Indian Summer.
But windfall wood in the fireplace
Burns a sweet peppery smell.

The Middle Kingdom

The grievance of the Fifth Decade
Is what students of syllogism used to call
An Undistributed Middle.

Graduate Student

The loveliest pupil I ever had
Was my little Samoyed soubrette
Who used to cry, after every lecture,
"When does the drinking begin?"
And declared that Bosanquet's *Essentials of Logic*
Was more fun than Sherlock Holmes.

Inference

One of the best and shortest short stories
Was quoted by Bosanquet (from Thackeray)
As an example of Inference from Identity:—
An old abbé, in a party of intimate friends,
Said "A priest has strange experiences;
My first penitent was a murderer."
Later the principal nobleman of the neighborhood
Entered the room. "Ah, Abbé, here you are;
Do you know, ladies, I was the Abbé's first penitent,
And my confession astonished him."

Legacy

The year has made her will: she left to me
A private purse:
Silver and copper from the dogwood tree,
White gold from a torrent, amber from a pond,
And, for my sadness' sake,
Mountains in a bluescape of beyond.
It might be worse:
These will be useful when I lie awake.

Sweet Thames Run Softly

The Dean of Westminster has given permission
To open Spenser's grave
(Where Colin Clout went home)
To see if Shakespeare and others
Really dropped their autographs
On his coffin.
This reminds me:
Last summer some busy ants (or chipmunks?)
Committed a nuisance in our biggest oak-tree.
In a high fork they found a soft spot
And busily they drilled and chiseled.
All that happened is a little dust
At the foot of the Main Stem.

Interview

Q.: Do you believe in a big navy?
A.: I've always wanted to live in a house
With a fence round it.

"Words Are Fossil Thoughts"

In the beginning was the Catchword:
It became fresh and dwelt among us.
Columnists used it, and editors
(The old-clothes-men of the mind)
Until it became a Byword.
At last it went to college
And became an Ideology.

Joad the Obscure

A philosopher is one
Who thinks that fascism is easier to bear
If you call it The Hegelian Theory of the State.
And of course it is.

Song While Waiting at a Stop-Light

The autumn seemed brighter
And cleaner than usual.
I don't know if that was really so
Or because I've been putting
Collyrium in my eyes.
This morning even the curbs and crossings
Were being patterned
With golden paint.

The Mulch-Pile

Don't burn leaves, says Hicks Nursery:
Save them for the mulch-pile.
But what would autumn be
Without burning leaves?
Books, by the way, are the mulch-pile
Of civilization.

"A Glass of Buckle"

Three sociologists with their feet in the cinders
Were defining Civilization.
Civilization (said Groups) is being able
To choose how you will earn a living.
Civilization (said Bunks) is being able
To decide whether you will choose for yourself
Or have the State choose for you.
Civilization (said Yelpers) is where everybody
Works too hard occasionally
And no one works too hard all the time.
Civilization (all three agreed) is having leisure
To attempt to define it.
Meanwhile Civilization was really Old Bill
Who sat quietly with his whiskey
And thought, How young they are.

Quantum Sufficit

Civilization at its toughest
Allows one day in seven for possible thinking
And it is doubtful if many
Have thoughts enough for more than that.

Dutiable

Uncle Sam too has his shibboleths:
At the Canadian border
They show the incoming tourist a Z.
If he calls it Zed
They know he's not a citizen.

Bonwit, You Teller

The failure of literature (as a contagion)
Is that people rarely hear
Of the books that would infect them most
Until it's too late and they no longer care. . . .
If only Mrs. Odlum of Bonwit Teller
Had read my chapters
On the Dramaturgy of the Department Store. . . .

Utopia

My suggestions for America, said the Old Mandarin,
Are so simple that no one will ever heed them:
Racks for hand-baggage on the steamship piers
(To save the stooping of elderly persons
When opening bags for the customs inspection)
And mark the names of railroad stations
So strangers may know where they are.
When you have a public dinner for a good cause,
Less overhead, I implore you.
Less food, crockery, ferns and service,
Fewer speakers,
And let them get started by 9 p.m.

Sympathy

The Old Mandarin was looking
At this afternoon's Five Star Sporting Final Edition
Of the map of Europe.
You *must* try to realize, he mumbled,
That other people are taught other ideas:
The simple Nazi grieves with horror
For oppressed and bankrupt America
Groaning to be freed from mobs of gunmen,
Jewish financiers, and savage Pandas.

Epitaph

"I'm sorry," said the employer:
"I wanted to give your friend a job
But he smelled so strong of booze.
Of course that ruled him out, ipso facto."

"You mean dipso facto."

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THE BOOK BUYER

Paderewski

WHO would not enjoy visiting Paderewski at his home in Morges, Switzerland, and listening to his rich talk of men and music? Many music-lovers would consider this the privilege of a lifetime. An American woman, Mary Lawton, enjoyed this experience more than once and she induced the great pianist to dictate his memoirs, and as you read them you realize that you are being admitted into the intimacy of his home. This spirit of personal conversation permeates the book. John Erskine's opinion of the "memoirs" comes as close to capturing the feel of the book as any, when he says: "The story is told with the dignity, with the integrity, and with the intense feeling which characterizes Paderewski's playing. There is plenty of humor, there are flashes of irony, there are lightning strokes of indignation, but chiefly there is a prevailing mood of dignity—high ideals and love of beauty, not inconsistent with a realistic knowledge of life which permits few illusions."

Paderewski the man is greater than Paderewski the artist. He never lost touch with humanity, and he was always ready to sacrifice his art for his country, so great was his love for the people of Poland. His early years were years of hardship and struggle, a fact not generally known. Disciplined by adversity his lovable character was translated into his music. Oddly enough Paderewski was told by the foremost music teacher in Europe that he would never be able to become a great pianist.

Emily Dickinson

EMILY DICKINSON'S sequestered life, which she herself describes as "too simple and stern to embarrass any" has been misrepresented by sensation hunters. Three distinct and mutually contradictory stories of the experience which prompted her love poems are in circulation. George Frisbie Whicher, Professor of English at Amherst College, in his critical biography of Emily Dickinson entitled, "This Was A Poet" puts these idle tales to rest once and for all, and renders a distinct service to American literature by so doing. He has had access to documents hitherto not generally available, including letters from Emily not known to her former biographers. These letters present an unforgettable account of her highly individual and intimate spiritual friendships with the several men whom she regarded as "tutors." The full flowering of the New England mind appears in the poetry of Emily Dickinson, and Professor Whicher tells the story of this major American poet in a social setting of the mid-nineteenth century. What Emily Dickinson did was of no great consequence, but everything she thought was momentous and far-reaching.

(Advertisement)

Paderewski at the time of his marriage.

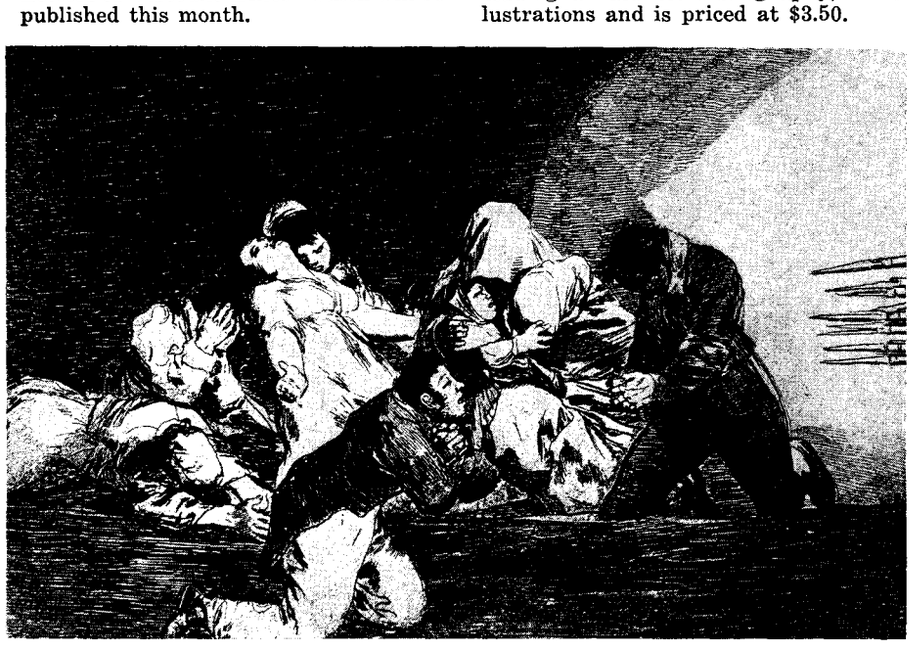
The Esher Memoirs

IT SEEMS that quite as interesting a part has been played in English history by what one might call "under-cover men" than by those whose names like Kitchener, Lloyd George, etc., have become household words. Reginald, Viscount Esher was such a person. He consistently refused appointments to high offices, but managed nevertheless to be right in the thick of things during the reigns of Edward VII and George V. Like so many Englishmen he kept a voluminous journal, and from this journal there has been taken the material which fills the two volumes of "The Captains and the Kings Depart: The Journals and Letters of Viscount Esher" which will be published this month.

Lord Esher was an intimate friend of the royal family, and the entries in his diary are full of terse, vivid pictures of royalty—the present Duke of Windsor, Queen Mary, and the other members of the family. He also had much to do with the "government" of the War.

Goya

DURING the 110 years since his death there has grown up a vast amount of legend about Francisco Goya, the great Spanish painter, that has obscured to an extent the very fascinating truth about the great Aragonnese who lived and worked in years curiously like our own times so far as war-torn Spain is concerned. The "leyenda Goyescas" has made the painter a combination of Casanova, Don Juan, Lord Byron and Tarzan of the Apes. Now in his new biography of Goya, Charles Poore sets about to distinguish between the *real* Goya and the legendary figure. Ten years of study, several lengthy journeys to Spain and four years of actual work on the book have produced a full-length portrait which may very well be called the *true* Goya. And this truth has been achieved without minimizing for a moment the immense vitality of the man, his propensity for the ladies, his enormous strength and the part he played in the tragic and bloody events of his times. Not only is "Goya" a vigorous and entertaining picture of the man but is also a penetrating and lively discussion of his place as a painter. And one distinguished feature of the book that will appeal to all readers interested in art is the profusion of excellent rotogravure reproductions of Goya's famous paintings, and some not so well known. "Goya: A Biography" by Charles Poore was published October 30th, has 293 pages, including a valuable bibliography, 35 illustrations and is priced at $3.50.



GOYA. The Disasters of War.

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Prepared Monthly by Charles Scribner's Sons

Marlborough

THE completion of the sixth and last volume of "Marlborough: His Life and Times" by Winston S. Churchill, his direct descendant, is something in the nature of a literary event, and reviewers have been quick to sense its importance. The leading review in the *New York Times*, Oct. 23, by P. W. Wilson, is a typical instance. Mr. Wilson points out that "in the realm of biography here is a masterpiece. As informative and interpretive narration, it ranks with the classics of modern literature—with Carlyle's 'Frederick the Great,' Motley's 'The Dutch Republic'—which withstand the assaults of time and are recognized as monuments of what mind can accomplish." As for its style he says that "the language is what English still may be... that such a book should be available for the announced cost to the public is astonishing. For libraries, whether public or private, there is offered—to speak sordidly—a bargain." It may be explained that this biography ran to more volumes than either author or publisher had originally planned. History's gain should not be the reader's loss—hence the revised price.

This is not just the life of Marlborough. It is the history of England from 1650 to 1722. Carefully documented, and richly illustrated, it represents modern biography brought to its ultimate peak.

America Now

HERE is a real intelligence test. What would you say if you were contributing a chapter to a symposium on American civilization? That is what thirty-six men and women have just done in a volume edited by Harold E. Stearns, entitled: "America Now. An Inquiry Into Civilization in the United States." Here are over six hundred pages of the clearest thinking you are likely to encounter in many a season of wide reading. It is filled with creative ideas. The book was adequately described by Allan Nevins, and at quite some length, in the October 22 issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. The value of any symposium of this kind is in the authority of the contributors. In this case they are: Louis R. Reid, John Chamberlain, Louise Bogan, Deems Taylor, Joseph Wood Krutch, Sheldon Cheney, Douglas Haskell, John T. Flynn, Louis Stark, Walton H. Hamilton, Roy S. Durstine, Gerald Wendt, E. D. Kennedy, Roger Burlingame, Bruce Bliven, George Soule, Evelyn Scott, Mauritz A. Hallgren, Zechariah Chafee, Jr., Christian Gauss, Robert Cantwell, John Cowles, Harold E. Stearns, Robert L. Duffus, John Kieran, Elsie Clews Parsons, Logan Clendening, Karl A. Menninger, Hannah Stone, Jacques Barzun, V. F. Calverton, H. Paul Douglass, Francis X. Talbot, S. J., with supplementary articles on America from the foreign point of view by Lin Yutang, H. Valle, and Sir Willmott Lewis.

(Advertisement)

Marlborough. From an engraving after a painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Grave, Gay, and Ghostly

STIRRING the autumn leaves we come upon solitude, Nicolas Berdyaev's, the sad Russian exile in Paris whose philosophy is spreading to England and America. His is a disturbing voice to Communists and dictators alike, for in "Solitude and Society" he dares to say that "man himself should be assessed higher than society, the nation or the state, even though these latter may have the power to oppress and enslave him in a world where all relationships are based upon compulsion." Karl Marx missed the fundamental truth that "labor is a spiritual phenomenon." The human spirit feeds upon solitude, and the individual has a right to solitude. From it is born religion and philosophy—music, art, literature.

There is the solitude of the soul and the solitude of places. You sense the latter in the Florida swamp as portrayed in "The Yearling" by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. This amazing novel will reach a quarter of a million sales long before Christmas. It has a good running mate, in the best-seller lists, in Taylor Caldwell's "Dynasty of Death," the powerful novel based on the lives of two American families engaged in the munitions industry.

The play everyone is talking about this season is Robert E. Sherwood's "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," and even the most conservative critics have dusted off adjectives they have not had a chance to use for years. Some go so far as to hail it as the great American drama the wise men of the theatre have been prophesying. Scribner's are rushing the printed play through the press with all speed and it will soon be available.

Another Broadway success is "Oscar Wilde." It is interesting to compare the play version with Boris Brasol's new book, "Oscar Wilde. The Man—The Martyr—The Artist." The resurgence of Oscar Wilde will do much to reclaim from prejudice and calumny a brilliant literary reputation too long obscured.

Turning from the rich autumnal reading which provokes philosophy in us and makes us conscious of our intellectual obligations we discover two other ways to face reality —humor and satire, and we give you Gracie Allen and Mister Westbrook Pegler. Gracie, with the help of Philo Vance and S. S. Van Dine, solves a baffling murder case, proving that she is not so dumb as she would have us believe. "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" is not just a stunt, or a vehicle for the Gracie Allen nonsense, it is right at the top of the Philo Vance mystery stories.

"The Dissenting Opinions of Mister Westbrook Pegler" is the best of his newspaper columns. Mister Pegler is cusser extraordinary to the great American public, expressing in barbed satire what thousands of men and women are thinking. "Stand back," he seems to say to us, "and let me take a sock at him!" He usually gets his man, and he can spot a fakir a mile away. The leading article in the October *Scribner's* is devoted to Westbrook Pegler. He was discovered by T. A. Dorgan (Tad) the cartoonist, and was Arthur Brisbane's office boy just long enough to deflate that worthy journalist's ego.

John Mulholland's "Beware Familiar Spirits" was not written for the purpose of making your hair stand on end, but is an honest attempt to expose trickery and to get at the truth of all the so-called spirit writings, hoaxes, rappings, ghost stories, mind readings and allied spookery. Mulholland is our leading magician, and magicians have always felt it their duty to expose tricky methods employed by mediums. In the process of exposure some very weird things are related, and you feel the presence of black magic. The author says: "A visit with an imaginary ghost is just as thrilling an experience as it could ever be with a real one." At the end of the book are weird experiences related to Mulholland by Phil Stong, Lowell Thomas, George M. Cohan, Roy Chapman Andrews, and others. Mulholland and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle argued the pros and cons of spiritism, and when the magician related one conversation to G. K. Chesterton he got the following rejoinder: "Mr. Mulholland, it has long seemed to me that Sir Arthur's mentality is much more that of Watson than it is of Holmes."

Paderewski. *Memoirs.*	$3.75
Poore. *Goya.*	$3.50
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Rewards and Fairy Stories

(*Continued from page 4*)

any novel appearing in one of the larger "slicks."

Hollywood prices for "literary" material are today by no means what they were, yet enormous sums are still paid for Broadway successes. The top price in a single instance was $255,000, and others have been purchased at $225,000, $200,000, $175,000, $150,000, $125,000, $100,000, and from there down to as little as $2,500 for "failures" regarded as having a salvage value.

Even in the case of novels the amount paid has run as high as $150,000. Within the last five years there have been, I am informed, one purchase at the latter figure and three at $100,000. Others have been made at from $75,000 to $30,000, with numerous sales at from $25,000 to $5,000.

In addition to various chance by-products, such as English, foreign language and "second serial" (or newspaper) rights, translations into foreign languages (usually profitless), republications and condensation, there remains one other possible source of income to—what I may term, the "legitimate" author—his radio and television rights. Owing to the rapid exhaustion of available material it is not unlikely that within a short time the broadcasting companies will be paying for the "radio" rights of a short story as much, or even more than, the author first received for magazine publication. These unexpected windfalls tend to compensate for the generally reduced prices paid for magazine fiction since the depression. There is a large demand for radio script writers. Fortunes are to be made in it. Generally speaking, however, and with similar exceptions to those "above accepted" their product bears no more relation to what has hitherto been regarded as "authorship" than that of the screen writer.

While the movie rights in a popular novel usually bring slightly more than the serial rights—say from 15 to 20 per cent—any book sale is purely problematical unless it be selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club or Literary Guild. Publishers are, however, frequently willing to back their own horses to win and hence to give advance royalties based upon much larger sales. Some of the most widely advertised and presumably successful books, which have been "first-paged" in the Sunday Book Reviews, never earn the author's advance. One of the best books—if not the best book—I ever wrote, "Puritan's Progress," which most of my friends imagine sold 25,000-50,000, never earned its $2,500 advance, and did not sell 4,000 copies. Yet it received highly laudatory reviews and was featured in the same week upon the front page of both *The Times* and *Herald Tribune* Book Reviews.

I have had book sales of 75,000—and of 70. Practically all my titles, some of them over thirty-four years in print, continue to sell—here a little, there a little—but very little. It is even questionable whether my total royalties, throughout a third of a century of authorship, have equalled an amount greater than that I frequently have been paid for a single serial. The moral, or immoral, of which is simply that a writer, who has to support a family, or wishes the normal satisfactions of life available to the day laborer, *must* write for the magazines.

By and large there is little pecuniary reward in the writing of books. Personally I regard book sales as so uncertain as to be treated as pure velvet. While I might personally get quite a kick out of starving in a garret, I cannot allow my family to do so. Hence the vineyard in which I labor is not the book mart. I earn my living by writing for the magazines. I hope my book will sell, but do not count on its so doing. And I pray fervently that some moon-gazer in Hollywood will have a hunch that "maybe there is a picture in it"—as Sam Goldwyn is said to have told Edna Ferber regarding her "Come and Get It."

But, if he doesn't, I do not care. And if the book doesn't sell, although I may be a little sad, I do not worry either, for I have already been well paid for my work and have nothing to complain of. And in return for my money I have given the best I am capable of writing at the time I write it, considering my age, health, sex, and previous condition of servitude.

Frankly, unless the young author wishes to become a script writer he had better look to the magazines for his living and regard anything substantial in the way of book, film, or radio sales as "riots, hurricanes, or Acts of God," of which the tables of common sense actuaries do not take account and against which the insurance policies for happiness do not run.

Writing has its rewards, honestly and laboriously earned, and it has its fairy stories, too. But the rewards of the average professional writer are apt to be in about the same ratio to those of the most popular best-sellers as are the wages of Ford workmen "on the line" to those of their chief executives. Of course the laborer always has the hope of working his way up, but the Sloans and Chryslers are rare. A few writers have been paid a dollar and even two dollars a word, more of them half a dollar a word, many ten cents a word, but the overwhelming majority do not get much over a cent a word, if that.

The writing game is full of ironies. It is my shamefaced boast that I was once paid more for a single short paragraph, quoted from "Pilgrim's Progress," than Bunyan received for his entire book.

The foregoing article, somewhat expanded, will constitute a chapter in Mr. Train's forthcoming book, "My Day in Court," to be published by Scribners.

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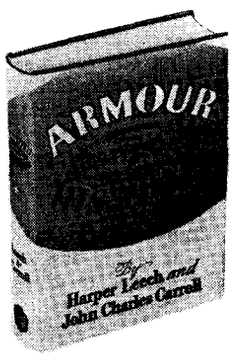
The last novel by this distinguished author marks one of the high points of Mrs. Wharton's career. "If you care for literature, if you know a classic when you see one you will want to buy 'The Buccaneers.'"—*Boston Herald.* "Really absorbing, exciting to the end . . . it contains chapters which illustrate Mrs. Wharton's powers at their height and is thus an addition to American literature."—*William Lyon Phelps.* "Her art was lapidary and gem-cutting calls for a steady hand. It was never steadier than in this book about social buccaneers of the American '70's."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* 4th large printing. $2.50

ARMOUR AND HIS TIMES

By Harper Leech and John Charles Carroll

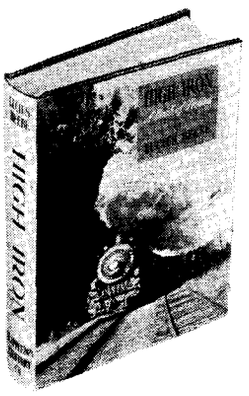


The biography of one of the great magnates of industry whose life typified the rise of the "pork barons." There is thrill and excitement in this story, and a striking picture of a period of unrivalled development. The story of the growth of the packing industry is anything but dull—the names of Swift, Morris, Cudahy, Leiter and other competitors—accounts of battles with railroads, development of refrigeration, scandals of embalmed beef, attacks of muckrakers, guarantee absorbing reading. Illustrated. $3.00

HIGH IRON

A Book of Trains

By Lucius Beebe



"An amazingly informed and informing cavalcade of railroading. In dozens of photographs Mr. Beebe has gathered a fine panorama of the life and adventures of the iron horse. Historians of the future may find they have to consult Beebe on Trains before they can speak with authority. His book seems to contain everything but the cinders."—*N. Y. Times.*

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Logic and Scientific Method

LOGIC, THE THEORY OF INQUIRY. By John Dewey. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1938. $4.

Reviewed by ELISEO VIVAS

IF the reviewer begins with the statement that it will be impossible for Dewey to write another book of the scope and importance of this one, he does not thereby imply a reference to the author's age. For a man who at eighty is able to accomplish the work which has gone into this volume is obviously still able to draw on sources of creative energy that few of us ever possess at the height of our mature powers. The reference is rather to the fact that with the "Logic" Dewey has finished his "system." It will be possible for him and others to elaborate certain aspects of it. His followers will have to make some necessary reconstructions here and there. But additions are hardly possible. For he has surveyed all aspects of human experience which could possibly concern a philosopher.

Dewey has written a book which it is not at all risky to predict will give him a place in the history of logic alongside of Aristotle, Bacon, and Mill. In politics, science, religion, art, social psychology, education, as well as in the strictly professional concerns such as epistemology, metaphysics, ethics, and logic, Dewey has demonstrated the fruitfulness of his philosophy. And he has surveyed all these domains by means of a rather simple conception, so simple indeed that until one actually sees what it can accomplish one would never suspect its fertility. The notion, namely, of the interactive relation of the human animal and his environment.

There is no doubt that most educated men living in the intellectual climate determined by Darwin's germinal conceptions have assimilated superficially the principle which Dewey has made the basis of his philosophy. But that they have not done so consistently, the widespread resistance to naturalism, and the reception given to Dewey's ideas, abundantly proves. Nor should we wonder at that, for though simplicity itself, Dewey's root idea is utterly incompatible with the conception of man, for the most part implicit, from which stems all the thought of the West since Plato's day, and which holds that men are in some radical sense alien to the nature in which they live.

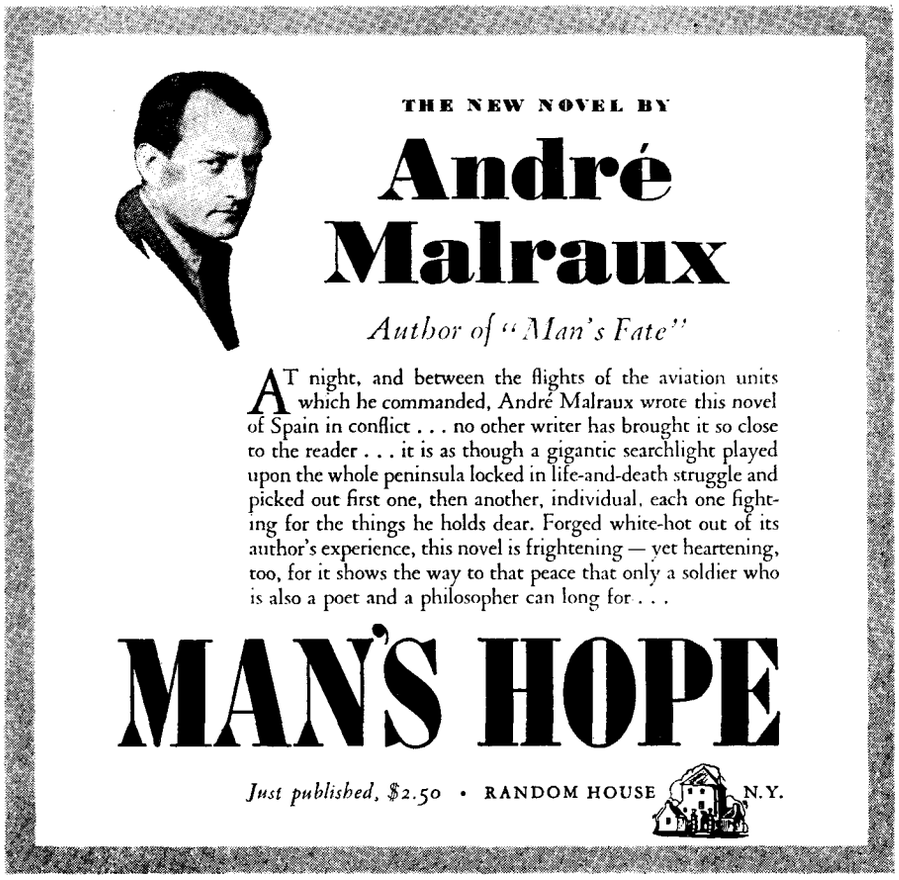
Dewey's central conception challenges the hoariest notions of traditional Logic. In order to realize the full significance of this statement one has to remember that Logic has been the Alcazar wherein the last survivals of the anti-naturalism of the West have remained in undislodged dominion. While all other fields of human inquiry have slowly yielded to the impact of the conceptions developed by science in the last three hundred years, Logic has remained untouched. To the deductive logic of Aristotle it was found necessary to add, as science gained in ascendency, the logic of induction. But the latter was a makeshift addition. Inductive logic has thus been plagued with problems of which it was generally admitted no one has yet offered satisfactory solutions. The resistance which traditional Logic has shown has often been taken to be proof of the unchanging structure of the human mind, in spite of the fact that it takes no great perspicacity to realize that no one, with the exception of the loquacious scholars of the Middle Ages in their set disputations, ever thought according to its patterns; it has been also taken as a monument to the genius of Aristotle, when it would be more fair still to take it as a monument to the fundamental conservatism of philosophers. In any case, the result has been that inductive logic never forced a radical reconstruction of the conceptions of the old logic. Rather it took over as its basic categories notions which were developed at an earlier state of scientific speculation, instead of deriving its fundamental ideas from the actual practice of the sciences of which it claimed to be an account. The situation in logic today is therefore humorously paradoxical. The most advanced logic of the day is, when envisaged from Dewey's point of view, the most reactionary. For it is here that the fundamental conceptions of analysis of Greek science find their sleekest streamlining.

Dewey's quarrel with Aristotelian logic, however, must be properly understood before the full impact of the reconstruction he envisages can be adequately appreciated. What Dewey is saying is not that Aristotle was wrong in his day. On the contrary; for what he did was empirically to generalize the procedures of thought which in his own milieu had achieved the most perfect elaboration. The error was not Aristotle's, it is ours. For instead of deriving our logical conceptions from our own thinking at its best, as found in the empirical sciences, we turn our back on them, and keep on applying in our treatises in logic, conceptions which, in actuality, we have long ago abandoned.

Now the failure to devise a logic which is an adequate account of our best thinking as it is actually carried on does not affect the activities of the man in the laboratory. The segregation of Logic from Scientific Method—a segregation which Aristotle would not have been able to understand or sympathize with—enables the scientist to carry on without bothering with the logicians. Where it has effect is in philosophy and in the implicit attitudes with which we approach the social scene. And in the last two chapters of his book Dewey has sketched broadly, but incisively, the way in which the old conceptions of Logic account for the vagaries of contemporary philosophy and social sciences.

Unfortunately the reviewer cannot require of his readers, as he can of his students, that they apply themselves to this book. He must therefore be satisfied to recommend it heartily, in the hope that at least those who pride themselves on their modernity will read it with some care. While it is not a popular book, it is not as a whole a difficult book to read, and only a few of the chapters demand technical training. Nor is it written in the lumbering style which has confined some of Dewey's books to a narrow public. And it will prove to be, for all those who come to genuine grips with it, a liberating experience.

Eliseo Vivas teaches philosophy at the University of Wisconsin.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AT night, and between the flights of the aviation units which he commanded, André Malraux wrote this novel of Spain in conflict . . . no other writer has brought it so close to the reader . . . it is as though a gigantic searchlight played upon the whole peninsula locked in life-and-death struggle and picked out first one, then another, individual, each one fighting for the things he holds dear. Forged white-hot out of its author's experience, this novel is frightening — yet heartening, too, for it shows the way to that peace that only a soldier who is also a poet and a philosopher can long for . . .
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Slices of Life

THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES, 1938 AND THE YEARBOOK OF THE BRITISH, IRISH, AND COLONIAL SHORT STORY. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by MELBA GRIMES MARLETT

ANY evaluation of an Edward J. O'Brien collection must be prefaced by a verbal battle around his literary standards. He clearly belongs to the admirers of the "Slice of Life" school, and his chief concern is with the reportorial account of a transient moment in the lives of (preferably) pathological characters. He demands from his authors no power or continuity of idea, no artistic rearrangement of facts that might support a revealing theme behind the glib description.

The stories in the present volume run true to type. Their only distinguishing feature is a beauty of wording; and style without thought is a poor thing. You cannot, in all fairness, toss a lovely piece of silk over a blighted apple tree and stand back to exclaim, "How beautifully my apple tree is blooming now!" Yet, in effect, this is what Mr. O'Brien would do.

One really fine story may make this collection worth while for you. "The Story Teller" by Frank O'Connor portrays with fine subtlety the figure of a gallant old man who holds life at bay with his brave imaginative tales, but has not the courage to wave his banner of romance in the face of death. "George's Good Deed" by John Pudney, dealing aptly enough with a hackneyed theme, deserves honorable mention.

On the other hand, "From Five to Six" by James Hanley hits a new low in short stories. This is an hour from the day of an exceptionally talkative and neurotic family in whose veins runs ink rather than blood. Five other stories are slight, but diverting. Eric Knight's "Mary Ann and the Duke" is genuinely amusing and much better articulated than the others.

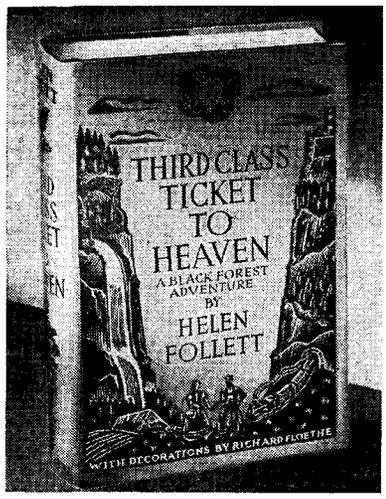
The Whimsical, which reared its head so nauseatingly in the American collection ("Mr. Sycamore"! Ugh!), is represented only once here, and that is in "The Four-Loaded Man" by Glynn Jones. Whether this was meant to be an allegory, a sheer fairy story, or something mystical, I cannot tell. It ends with a little girl hunting under the table for the sore which has just dropped off her lip. I don't know if she found it. I left her there.

The rest of the book is tenuous and reedy.

With all of that, I would rate O'Brien's "Best British" stories above his "Best American" ones. The Butcher Shop (Oh-look-at-the-rivers-of-blood) contingent has been reduced to an off-stage echo. The Russian (is-it-not-terrible) school does not seem to flourish among the sturdy Britains. Read this and future O'Brien collections from curiosity, if you will; but until Mr. O'Brien revises his critical standards don't believe his cover slogan: "A guidepost to the direction in which fiction is travelling." For, if this be true, fiction will shortly pass under an arch over which is written, "Abandon all hope, ye who enter here."

Ideal Gift Book

An Armchair Visit to the Black Forest



All who have seen it agree that the Schwarzwald has managed to retain its essential flavor, the atmosphere that has characterized it for centuries, that is second to none throughout the world.

Helen Follett worked in the fields with her peasant neighbors, received friendships rarely bestowed upon strangers, and has described her experiences with sympathy and sensitiveness.

Unanimously Acclaimed

THIRD CLASS TICKET TO HEAVEN

★ ★ ★ ★ *rates four stars* ★ ★ ★ ★

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE: "Rarely, we feel, has any old, dark land been described with more sympathy and sensitiveness than has the Black Forest of Germany in this book by Helen Follett."

THE NEW YORK TIMES: "Call it a first class personal diary, a travel book and a novel in one, combined with sad and funny bits of comedy and tragedy, and you won't be far wrong."

MAHA WORLD HERALD: "She found, she avers, a heaven on earth in the peasant people, so natural, kindly, and sympathetic, and in the scenery so magnificent and inspiring. She has managed, with rare skill, to translate that same discovery to the readers."

COLUMBUS DISPATCH: "It was a rare friendship that the German peasants of the Black Forest bestowed upon Helen Follett, and she, in turn, has written a rare book about them. It is a book that leaves the reader completely satisfied."

CINCINNATI ENQUIRER: "Mrs. Follett has the engaging power of sharing with others her own adventures and enthusiasm. Her book is irresistible."

HARTFORD COURANT: "It is like walking back through time to a golden age of light-hearted simplicity, in an enchanted region, far away from wars and rumors of war. Exactly the sort of book to enchant a host of readers."

PORTLAND OREGONIAN: "All due credit should be given the author for having invented and made full use of a wholly new formula for travel books."

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS: "Honesty and sincerity compel the statement that the loveliest book on Germany that has come to our attention in many years is this new volume of Helen Follett's."

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The New Books

Fiction

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL. By Lettice Cooper. Macmillan. 1938. $2.50.

It is hard to say why "National Provincial" does not quite come off, but my guess is that it suffers from an overdose of conscientiousness. This tale of a Yorkshire industrial town is faithfully, all too faithfully, set down. There is the self-made employer, and the faithful employee of the old school; the rebellious and inexperienced younger generation among the employing families, and ditto ditto among the workers; the well-meaning liberal, the radical clergyman, the nit-witted little daughter of the people who cannot understand her class-conscious lover, etc., etc. All these persons have been carefully studied, and the author has carefully got up the facts in the case of the anonymous city.

But the book is sluggish. Neither a strike nor a mild amorous intrigue between a gal newspaper reporter and a highly respectable business man succeeds in pepping things up. It moves like a slow English river.

H. M. J.

THE FUGITIVE. By Richard Warren Hatch. Dodd, Mead. 1938. $1.75.

The real functional power of the novelette is well demonstrated by so compact and well written an example of it as "The Fugitive." Neither an expanded short story nor a novel boiled down, this tale has in it that indispensable quality of being just right in itself, of having spontaneously run its course in a little over a hundred pages, of having dictated its form and size out of its own special needs. Mr. Hatch tells of a farm boy who is goaded by unbearable circumstances into striking down his employer with an axe. By all standards, then, he is a killer, —except one, his own consciousness. This is the crux and the whole life of the story: that the lad, who feels no different inside, is now hunted by a community, and that they are pursuing a vile and hated image he does not recognize as himself. We see little of the pursuers. The pages are given over to the psychic tortures of the fugitive, who cannot now walk the roads or rest or speak to a man, and cannot bear to understand it. The tension is great, heightened always by brief encounters, physical violence, and the inevitable climax. Inside the span of his book Mr. Hatch has put all he wanted to of this terrible episode in the Vermont hills, and it should be added that he has been able to put in, too, a great deal of feeling for character and some sensitive natural description. It is altogether a keenly integrated story, worthy of a wide reading.

N. L. R.

FIVE O'CLOCK WHISTLE. By Ramona Herdman. Harpers. 1938. $2.50.

The five o'clock whistle is the clock, the dial, the signal to life itself in the small upper New York state cotton milling town where Ramona Herdman has set her story; and the hero, David Lyttle, is a child of the mill. His father and mother came from the old country to work there, the boy was born there, their friends live and die in the hum of the mill rooms, the clatter of mill-bound feet in the morning, home-bound feet in the dusk. McArthur, who owns the mill, lives in the Park section of the town, and has a little girl. The boy David lives in a house built on "promised land" and has a voice of great musical promise. The plot is as simple as that.

But the book is not dull in details, nor in shrewd flashes of understanding, nor in rendering with simple factual fidelity the look and smell of the town, the boy's struggle to get on, the inevitable war set up in him between his loyalty to his own kind and his ability to better himself. Though one is never quite convinced, even when David is studying with a distinguished old musician in Paris, that he really is a singer, there are phrases and attitudes and points of view which make him without question a professional. If the characters never seem quite to live, they do not bore you. The book is a little like the hero himself; honest, hardworking, real in places, and a good deal better at seeing things than at doing them.

F. W.

WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME? By Jerome Weidman. Simon & Schuster. 1938. $2.

An independent sequel to "I Can Get It for You Wholesale," this carries on the financial and amatory adventures of Harry Bogen, the wolf of Seventh Avenue. Probably it will be enjoyed more by those who did not read the earlier book than by those who did, because—while it is quite as good as its predecessor—it is more of the same piece of goods. It was quite a trick the first time, when Mr. Weidman presented a thoroughly unsympathetic character in a first-person narrative; but that triumph of irony looks too easy when he repeats it. If you want to see how a cheap smart-aleck gets his, this book will tell you. But Harry Bogen, who was well worth one novel, is not worth reading about indefinitely. Mr. Weidman is one of the most interesting of the younger American novelists, in accurate reporting and in his tour-de-force technique; next time, we hope, he will write about another character.

G. S.

PERRI. By Felix Salten. Bobbs-Merrill. 1938. $2.50.

In this novel Felix Salten continues the study of the society inhabiting his native Austrian woods which he began, at least for American readers, in "Bambi." Again, as in the earlier work, all classes of that society come under his observation, from the underworld burrowers to the lords of the tree-tops, and the continuity is confirmed by the appearance of the mighty-antlered Bambi himself in its pages. But the spotlight now has shifted from Bambi and his brethren to Perri and Porro, who are, respectively, a little-girl squirrel and a little-boy squirrel spending their first winter in the wild woods and wondering about this thing called love of which they hear on all hands. Needless to say, when spring comes, at the end of the volume, they learn what it is and approve. Among the minor characters is a little-girl human being called Annerle who, by virtue of her age, still enjoys the privileges of talking with the birds and beasts in their own language—which turns out to be quite indistinguishable from ours. In fact, if one is to judge from Mr. Salten's presentation of his material, the birds and beasts are birds and beasts only in their physical appearance. In their thoughts and in their personal relationships they are no different from any of us.

This is fantasy, like "Bambi," and was evidently written for children still young enough to be captured by the illusion. Bambi the deer had a certain personal magnificence that appealed not only to

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this juvenile audience but also to the juvenile fringe, to which more of us belong than is commonly recognized. Perri the squirrel lacks that magnificence and, lacking it, will probably be confined in her conquests to the literally young.

L. J. H., Jr.

CARAVANS. By Edward D. Dunn. Putnam. 1938. $2.

This is one of those happy and incredible stories which reaffirm the immortality of all the fiction situations we thought had been killed and buried a hundred times. Read it today and feel young again. Four people are embarking upon four different ships at four different times. Are their lives going to be all tangled up? Naturally. The young hero catches a fleeting glimpse of a girl's face in the crowd, as he reaches New York. Can he forget her? Will he ever meet her again, marry her? To tell the truth, he will. He is a budding playwright. Does he sell his first play at once, make a smash hit, have New York at his feet with managers besieging his door? You know the answer. He marries the wrong girl, and, to make it worse, that girl he saw marries the wrong man. And still they haven't met. But why can't they be brought together by having their faithless mates carry on an affair, thus making logical an honorable change of partners? Leave it to Mr. Dunn. The whole thing is carried very neatly to its predestined conclusion, and written in a prose just right for the story.

N. L. R.

"GERALDINE FARRAR'S

autobiography is one of the most entertaining volumes of its kind that has recently appeared. She does not regard herself, in the manner of some prima donnas, as heaven-sent. She is content to accept herself as an American girl, born in the quiet town of Melrose, Mass., who was gifted with a pleasant voice, kind friends, skillful teachers and the opportunities." —*The Saturday Review.*
Illustrated. $3.00

SUCH SWEET COMPULSION

GREYSTONE PRESS · NEW YORK CITY

Miscellaneous

SCHOOL FOR BARBARIANS. By Erika Mann. Modern Age Books. 1938. 50 cents.

It is difficult for the average American to realize the completeness with which National Socialism has transformed the daily life of the average German. The Hitler regime has retained power not only because of political dictatorship and unceasing diplomatic victories, but also because of its thorough penetration into the routine affairs of the citizenry—family life, youth activities, education, and religion. Miss Erika Mann, daughter of the distinguished novelist, has painted the Nazi landscape in vivid colors, perhaps occasionally too vivid, in a book devoted to the German home and school. In a series of memorable anecdotes and quotations, effectively compiled, she castigates the Nazi government for its destruction of traditional German culture, its persecution of the Jews, and its subjugation of every individual to the military machine. Miss Mann introduces official documents, letters, and personal conversations as evidence of the growing deterioration of moral and intellectual standards, even of physical condition, in the younger generation of Germany. "School for Barbarians," which combines righteous indignation with ridicule, concludes that the German people are paying a high price for the attainment of European hegemony. Thomas Mann, in a brief introduction to this book, suggests that the price eventually will prove too high, for "a people intellectually debased and impoverished" cannot conquer the earth.

J. F. G.

DELAWARE. A GUIDE TO THE FIRST STATE. Compiled by the Federal Writers' Project. Edited by Jeannette Eckman, Anthony Higgins, William H. Conner. Viking. 1938. $2.50.

This excellent guide book should be a model for editors who wish to give their local guides a perspective of history. Delaware comes to life in its pages, and gets two dimensions, the present and the past. Particularly is this true of the two lower counties, still one of the most completely "native" sections of the United States, and little visited by outsiders, or even by residents of Wilmington and the northern county, until the recent extension of good roads. This region has been overshadowed by the much written about counties of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, which lies at its back door, yet it is rich in anecdote and historical happening, and picturesque

(*Continued on next page*)

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 240)

CONSTANCE HOLME—
LONELY PLOUGH

You crept into it on tiptoe and caught it unawares. It was a capricious lane, racing up and down tiny hills between its high warm leaning hedges, spinning round sharp corners out of sight—full of surprises, full of secrets.

The AMEN CORNER

Faithful readers (if the Oxonian has any; but we will pretend for the moment that we have many) will remember that one of our favourite books has long been *The Growth of the American Republic* by Samuel Eliot Morison and Henry Steele Commager.

You will also remember a magnificent leading editorial by the editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature* himself when, some months ago, a revised, enlarged, two-volume edition of *The Growth of the American Republic* appeared. He declared roundly:

"It is the best short general history of the United States ever published . . . it covers the entire field of source material and monographs so thoroughly that the reader has complete confidence in every judgment expressed. . . . The prose is crisp, vigorous, and lively; the book is the most literary of short histories. . . . The editor would like to require everyone who wants to say anything about the American present, or the American future, to read Morison and Commager before saying it."

The Oxonian himself read the original edition at least six times, and was as enthralled by the sixth reading as by the first. The new edition is more than a new edition. Adjuncts like bibliographies, indexes, and maps are there in new multiplicity. (The Book-of-the-Month Club commentator remarked that the maps "actually make sense. This, in a volume on history, is little short of revolutionary.") There is the full text of the Constitution.

And now there has just come to our desk the brand new gift and library edition, beautifully bound in red with stained tops, with a portrait in each volume, wrapped in gay green jackets, and boxed in dark blue with an elegant label.[1]

It reminds us of nothing so much as "Gaité Parisienne," which reminds us of the Russian Ballet, which reminds us that the Oxford University Press[2] has just published a striking departure in ballet books—*Ballet in Action* by Merlyn Severn.[3] It is a splendid volume of photographs of actual performances, prepared by a real student of the ballet, so as to give a full choreographic description of nearly all the famous ballets. In many cases several different interpreters are shown in the same rôle. A word to the balletomane is sufficient; but anyone will appreciate the beauty of the pictures. (There is an interesting text, too, by Arnold Haskell.)

A word about another favourite, our favourite pocket series, the *World's Classics.*[4] There is a new Trollope ready, *The Duke's Children,* in two volumes.[4] And there is the *New Testament,* in the Authorized Version, and *designed for reading.*

THE OXONIAN.

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NOT A BAD IDEA—

We have been impressed of late by the number of new subscribers who tell us they first heard of *The Saturday Review* through an enthusiastic friend. Not a bad idea. Why not show your friends a copy of the SRL and see if anything happens?

The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

local custom, as the editors of this book have abundantly noted.

The Delaware guide is to be especially commended for its historical background, but it is also accurate and comprehensive in its routings, its commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural information, and its description of the state as it is. There is a successful attempt to give an idea as to what places are like, as well as where and what they are,—very helpful to a tourist; and while statistics are not numerous, essential knowledge is provided. The local maps are good enough, but, as with all this series, and with all American atlases, the lack of a first-rate map for the region is painfully obvious. What seems to be needed is a corps of good geographers, on, or directing, relief. Certainly private enterprise has shown itself unable or unwilling to meet this real need.

Other books of the American Guide Series have worked into their directions and descriptions useful and picturesque history, but in none read by this reviewer has the history been so humanized and made so vivid a background for the contemporary scene, as in this handbook to the first state.

One regrets that the handsome story of the shipload of Swedish gin, sunk to the dismay of the settlers at the mouth of a creek, which thence got its name of Brandywine, is exploded in this narrative. That famous stream was named from Andrew Brandwyn, a Finnish settler.

H. S. C.

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Double-Crostics: No. 241

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

	1-O	2-L	3-H	4-P	5-U	6-F		7-E	8-S		9-X	10-P	11-W	12-O		13-Y
14-T	15-O	16-A		17-E	18-A	19-G		20-S	21-M	22-D	23-O	24-J	25-R		26-B	
27-L	28-D	29-K	30-C	31-U	32-Q	33-O	34-S	35-A		36-K	37-L	38-E	39-V	40-W	41-U	
42-F	43-H	44-C	45-I	46-R		47-R	48-E	49-A		50-Q	51-G	52-X	53-K	54-S	55-N	56-V
57-M		58-E	59-T	60-I		61-N	62-J	63-F	64-S	65-R	66-G		67-H	68-N	69-L	
70-T	71-W	72-N		73-R	74-M	75-P	76-U		77-W	78-P	79-M	80-F	81-L	82-R	83-P	84-Q
85-Y		86-D	87-B		88-N	89-D	90-V		91-A	92-V	93-Y	94-M	95-C		96-P	97-V
98-M	99-U	100-F	101-Q	102-O	103-E		104-I	105-N	106-U		107-F	108-M	109-X	110-D		111-W
112-T		113-S	114-G	115-H	116-N		117-T	118-B	119-N	120-I		121-X	122-H	123-U	124-A	125-Y
	126-A	127-C	128-J	129-V	130-F	131-I		132-J	133-F		134-S	135-T	136-R	137-P	138-E	
139-V	140-C	141-I		142-M	143-C	144-N		145-W	146-Y	147-S	148-J	149-D	150-U	151-F		152-C
153-T		154-W	155-B	156-S	157-G		158-Y	159-I	160-P	161-F		162-H	163-U		164-I	165-B
166-H		167-M	168-K	169-H	170-D	171-L		172-B	173-M	174-I		175-B	176-K	177-D	178-O	

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 21 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Drama by Schiller (1789).

B. Dante political faction.

C. Holy Roman Emperor (1273-91).

D. Son of Jacob and Leah.

E. Opera by Meyerbeer.

F. Author of "Strife" and "Justice."

G. To wash out.

H. Scene of a murder of international consequences.

I. Squire in "Vicar of Wakefield."

J. Author of "The Waste Land."

K. Scope; range.

L. Abstract principles of a body of facts.

M. A native.

N. Author of a sacred polyphonic choral.

O. American orator and statesman (1794-1865).

P. Character in "Mikado" (comp.).

Q. Temper, mood.

R. Impromptu.

S. Softest and most downy.

T. Old Anglo-Saxon epic.

U. High Alpine blossom.

V. Country in North Africa.

W. Greek letter.

X. Personal pronoun.

Y. Jaundiced; cowardly.

WORDS

49 18 91 126 16 124 35

175 118 26 87 172 165 155

127 44 95 152 140 30 143

86 22 110 28 149 89 177 170

138 7 17 58 38 48 103

161 80 100 151 42 133 63 130 107 6

114 66 51 19 157

115 162 3 169 67 166 122 43

164 120 159 60 174 131 104 45 141

128 24 148 62 132

36 53 168 176 29

171 27 2 37 81 69

173 108 142 74 79 167 21 57 94 98

61 68 72 144 88 105 55 116 119

23 1 12 15 33 102 178

160 83 78 96 4 75 137 10

84 50 32 101

136 47 25 73 65 82 46

8 113 147 156 134 20 54 34 64

70 14 112 117 59 135 153

76 99 150 5 41 123 31 163 106

139 92 56 90 39 97 129

71 11 145 77 154 40 111

52 9 121 109

125 85 158 146 93 13

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

IT is usually by accident (remarked Old Pangloss Q.) that our most exciting adventures befall. For instance (this was long ago) the time when we had in pocket a letter to mail and also a piece of paper, folded the same size, on which was a rough (very rough) translation of Ronsard's most froward sonnet (known, we hope, only to scholars, who can take anything). We were working on a verse paraphrase of same but didn't dare leave it around. ☞Well, in absent-mindedness (our mind running on a search for bawdy rhymes) we popped the sonnet MS. into the mail at a country post-office in Pennsylvania, instead of the letter. ☞We knew only too well that the postmistress, familiar with our handwriting, would spot it at once; and it was the kind of thing that could not be contemplated by Federal chastity without hysteria and outrage. ☞It was a Saturday evening; the P. O. was closed for the week-end; nothing could be done. ☞We left town on the Sunday and haven't lived in Pennsylvania since. ☞There was no indication on the MS. that that appalling sonnet was really by Ronsard, not by Old Q., and presumably the postmistress thought we were addressing her personally. ☞This we did not intend to discuss in detail, only to say that by mere chance (at Philip Duschness' eyrie, 507 Fifth Avenue) we came upon the most notable circular of the year; if there were a Pulitzer Prize for publishers' circulars this would get it. It is called *Some Notes upon a Project for an Illustrated Shakespeare,* written by Messrs. George Macy, Bruce Rogers and Herbert Farjeon, and describes the forthcoming 37-volume Folio Shakespeare to be issued in batches, the first three to come out some time early in 1939. ☞Considering three years of research and planning, to say nothing of the astonishing Mr. George Macy's travelling expenses ("I shuttled between London and New York," he says; and took airplanes between London and Paris in 90-mile gales) it is remarkable that these beautiful books are to be offered at only $5 a volume; and if Santa Claus can extend himself to 37 times 5, spread out once a year of payment, this sounds to Old Parsimonious like something to brood.

☞Apropos such topics, a rewarding anthology is *Elizabethan and 17th Century Lyrics,* edited by Matthew W. Black of the University of Pennsylvania. ☞This chrysostom volume was planned chiefly as a textbook, consequently it has the sober and mannerly make-up rare in ordinary trade volumes. We are a great lover of textbooks which are often cheaper and more attractive than the overgaluptious stuff designed for lay custom. Professor Black's commentaries seem to us generally admirable in sense and geist, and here if Santa Claus were interested are some 600 pages of the most vivid century in English poetry for only $4. ☞There are more grammarians in California than elsewhere: both F. T. W. (La Jolla) and M. A. de F. (San Francisco) have pinked Old Q. for syntactic carelessness. ☞It is interesting to learn from Maddox House, campus bookshop at Rockford College (Illinois) that over 2,000 old books have been imported from antiquarian dealers in London in the three years of the Maddox Book Room. This of course in addition to constant student traffic in contemporary titles. ☞Viking Press offers for 10c in stamps a pamphlet about Elizabeth Madox Roberts. And reports that John Steinbeck's next novel will be 200,000 words long. ☞Oxford University Press has issued a gift edition of Morison and Commager: *The Growth of the American Republic,* 2 volumes, $8.50. ☞We understand that Archibald MacLeish's second radio drama, *Air Raid,* was given over CBS last week, causing no panic.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH SENDS A CABLE *Margaret Tayler Yates* (Macmillan: $2.)	Two "suicides" at Guantanamo Bay involve ex-nurse "Davvie" McLean and F. B. I. man in whirlwind of killing and intrigue.	Lively picture of naval post life and loves. Enough thrills for six stories, with hurricane (literally and figuratively) finish.	Knock-out!
HEADS OFF AT MIDNIGHT *Francis Beeding* (Harpers: $2.)	Decapitation of gent in Evian leads Peruvian diplomat and party through several varieties of thrills to fabulous Inca treasure.	Ingenious basic idea, gore and guffaws well compounded, and plot hops rapidly from one crepitatious scene to next.	Sprightly
THE TAINTED TOKEN *Kathleen Moore Knight* (Crime Club: $2.)	Steamship co. exec. punctured in Panama (place not hat). Tourist Elisha Macomber of Penberthy Island outsmarts malefactor.	Tropical atmosphere reflected in progress of yarn with Elisha's cool New England sleuthing for contrast. Grisly bit about lepers.	Well handled

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